

THE GEOGRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 601.—Vol. XXIII.

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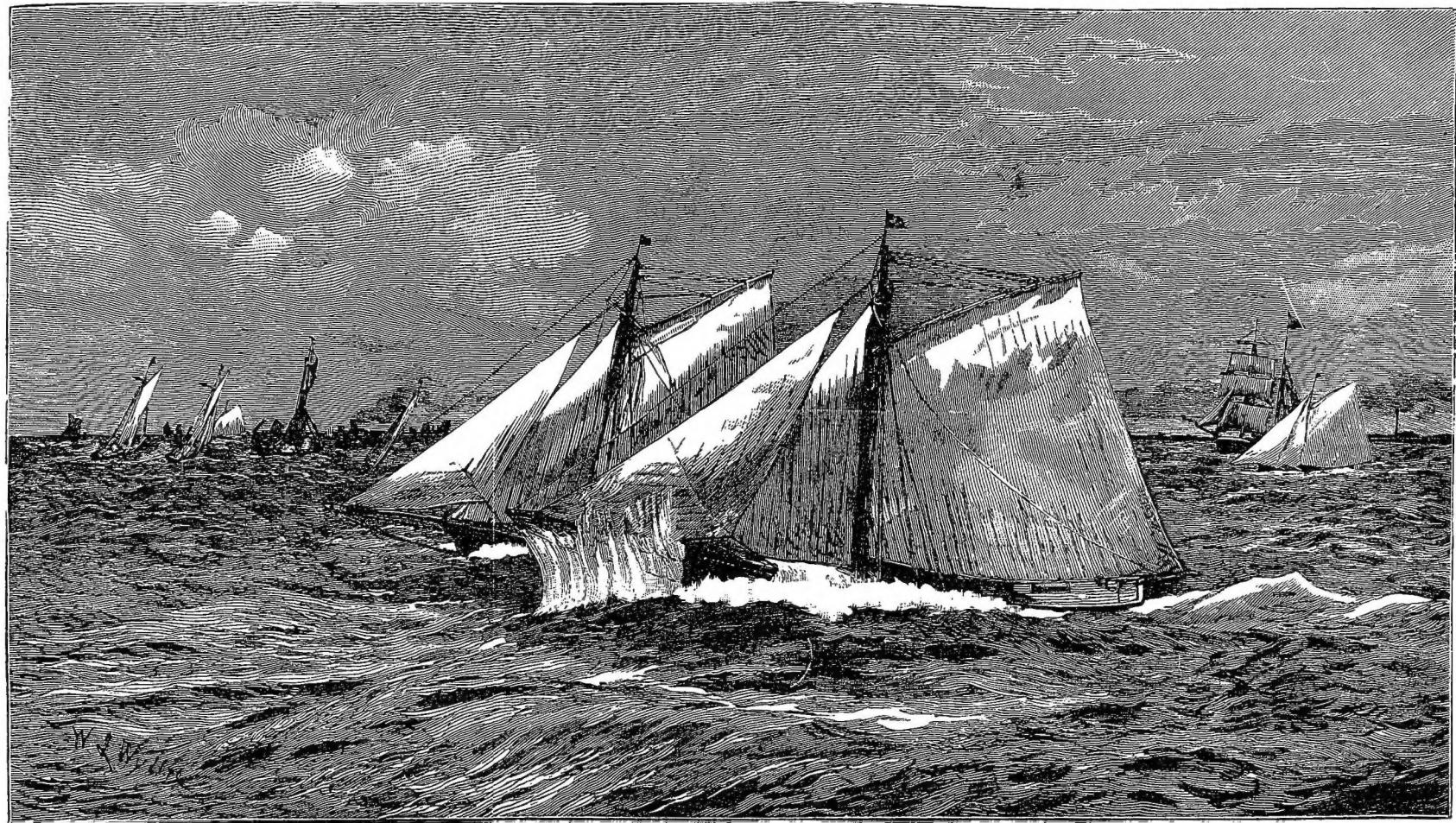
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 601.—VOL. XXIII.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881

ENLARGED TO PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT RACE—THE "MAGGIE" AND "BUTTERCUP" BEATING DOWN



Herr Johann Most (The Prisoner)

Mr. A. M. Sullivan (Counsel for the Defence)

THE "FREIHEIT" PROSECUTION—TRIAL OF HERR MOST AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.



WHY IS IRELAND DISTURBED?—After a brief lull at the end of the winter, Ireland is once more in a highly volcanic condition. Open rebellion is improbable, but the present condition of affairs is perhaps even more difficult to deal with than downright revolt, seeing that a large part of the population is banded together either voluntarily or through terrorism to resist the administration of the law. Now concerning the cause of this agitation and lawlessness there are two opposite theories. The thick-and-thin supporters of the Government declare that the discontent which produces these disturbances is entirely due to bad Land Laws, aggravated by the evictions which are now being carried out, and which, they maintain, ought to be arbitrarily suspended until the Government Land Bill becomes law. On the contrary, politicians of a Conservative complexion say that Ireland was quiet under the Beaconsfield Ministry, and would to all appearances have remained quiet if that Ministry had remained in office. It is true that the Land League began its career while the Tories were still in power, stimulated, no doubt, by the severe distress in Mayo, but with the prompt relief of that distress, and a firm determination to repress lawlessness, the influence of the League was already dwindling away. Then, however (remember, we are not citing our own opinions, but the Conservative theory regarding Ireland), came the worst calamity which has befallen this country for many years, the advent of the Gladstone-Bright-Chamberlain Government to power; they repealed the Peace Preservation Acts, snubbed landlords, and coquetted with agitation. When the reign of outrage was fully established last autumn, the local authorities were afraid to act with decision, doubting whether they would be supported in Downing Street, and so matters have drifted from bad to worse till the bastard government of the Land League has practically superseded the legitimate government of the Queen. Now of these two theories we incline to believe that the latter is nearest the truth. In conclusion it may be remarked that when the Government grew uneasy at the increasing disorder in Ireland, and obtained from Parliament a renewed Coercion Act, they ought to have acted with vigour and decision. Instead of this they made their arrests in a half-hearted, piecemeal fashion, and they are talking (rather late in the day now that its mischievous teaching has been sown broadcast) of suppressing the Land League. They get no thanks from the agitators for this trimming policy, on the contrary, they are abused and vilified. As no doubt they mean well, we are sorry for them, but we are far more sorry for the horses and cows which are mutilated, and for the peaceable persons who are ill-used and murdered at the dictates of a Jacobinical organisation. Perhaps the soldiers and police are most of all to be pitied, their lot is martyrdom without glory, they are overworked, insulted, pelted with stones, and dare not fire a shot in return.

LORD SALISBURY AS THE TORY CHIEF.—In his speech to the Middlesex Conservatives, Lord Salisbury gave some indication of the spirit in which he intends to exercise the powers entrusted to him as the head of his party. He attacked the Government with extraordinary bitterness. Everything they had done was unstatesmanlike and unpatriotic; and Lord Salisbury had no suggestion to offer for the better Government of Ireland except that the authority of the law should be more vigorously enforced. Now, it may be admitted that he has some excuse for adopting a tone of this kind. When in Opposition, the Liberals were violent and unscrupulous; and there was no one whom they assailed more fiercely than Lord Salisbury. It is, therefore, natural enough that he should treat them in the same way as he and his friends were treated. It may, however, be questioned whether he is likely to do much good either to his party or to the country by a policy of retaliation. Every one sees that at the present moment we are passing through a grave national crisis. Ireland is not merely discontented; she is in a thoroughly rebellious mood. The class which follows Mr. Parnell hates this country, and it agitates against principles that have been hitherto regarded as the basis of civilisation. A false step might lead to terribly disastrous consequences, and unfortunately a false step might be easily taken even under the influence of the purest motives. At such a time the nation expects from prominent statesmen something better than wild denunciation. It looks to men in Lord Salisbury's position for dispassionate counsel, and is apt to believe, if they do not give it what it needs, that they are thinking rather of their own prospects than of the general welfare. In his later years Lord Beaconsfield always knew when to desist from mere party warfare; and Lord Salisbury must learn a little of the same prudence and self-control if he hopes to rise to the position of his predecessor.

"SCENE IN THE HOUSE."—These words have become a familiar "line" in the newspaper show-bills, and they indicate that a large portion of the public regard the House of Commons as a source of frequent entertainment. At the regular theatres the bill of fare is put forth beforehand, and therefore there is seldom a possibility of anything surprising; whereas the charm of the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's lies

in the unexpectedness of its dramatic interludes. And the regular company of the establishment (that is, the M.P.'s), who are eye and ear-witnesses of these scenes, enjoy them fully as much as the outside public who only read about them. How rapidly, for example, the House filled up on Monday as soon as it became known that there was a regular Donnybrook Fair shillelagh fight in progress over the body of Mr. Patrick Egan! Whereas the leading piece of the evening, *How not to Pay the Rent; or, the Three F's*, which did not come on till nine o'clock, was played to a scanty and inattentive audience. To speak seriously, if the House does not mend its ways, it will get the same sort of reputation as that of a professed joker, who is voted dull and uninteresting if he talks gravely. We spoke the other day concerning the deplorable inroads which are made upon the time at the disposal of the House by the practice of asking and answering questions. But there is no doubt that this part of the programme is exceedingly popular both in and out of doors. People will read these questions and answers who won't wade through the subsequent debate. Perhaps their mental palates have been enfeebled by the periodical literature of the day, much of which is as frothy and unsubstantial as whipped cream. Meantime the sad fact remains that the House of Commons, which ought to be a house of business, does not accomplish the business for which it is called together. Why should the discussion of the Land Bill block the way of almost all other measures? If the House would, as has been suggested, split itself into half-a-dozen Grand Committees, it would get through more than six times as much work. At present it runs imminent risk of becoming contemptible.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND PUBLIC BUSINESS.—A painful interest was excited in the country by the proposal of Lord Dalhousie that a Select Committee should be appointed to inquire into the state of the law relative to a traffic which is almost more horrible than the slave trade itself. We may hope that the Committee will do its work thoroughly, and that we shall soon hear the last of "this sad and discreditable subject." The promptitude with which the House of Lords disposed of the matter suggests that other questions might be advantageously dealt with in the same way. It becomes more and more clear that there are many subjects of general interest which the House of Commons either will not or cannot take into serious consideration. The last Government began its career with the firm determination to effect a complete reform in the laws relating to public health; but it was unable to carry out its good intentions. We are now so much under the influence of political parties that unless a measure affords an opportunity for a "good fight" it has little chance of being adequately discussed. Why should not the House of Lords step forward, and occupy the ground for which the Commons have so much contempt? After all, the questions that stir up strife and bitterness are by no means always the most important. Perhaps in the end the happiness of the community would be more directly promoted by proposals about which all sensible men are agreed than by the majority of the schemes which call forth torrents of partisan oratory. If the House of Lords devoted itself to this unpretending but useful kind of work, a good many persons who now regard it as "effete" would probably soon return to the old idea that it is our most valuable national institution.

FISHERY DISPUTES.—The fisheries of North America have always been a bone of contention between those of the colonists who adhered to the British Crown, and those who elected to serve under the Stars and Stripes. To the latter undoubtedly fell the best slice of the American soil, both in fertility, minerals, and climate; but the Canadians had the best fish. Hence, we do not hear of Canadians coming to fish in American waters, whereas numbers of New Englanders (expert fishermen ever since the colonies were founded) visit the Canadian shores for this purpose. (We use the term "Canadian" generically, although, speaking strictly, Newfoundland, the scene of the Fortune Bay dispute, which has just been settled, is not a member of the Dominion). The Fortune Bay dispute arose thus. The Newfoundlanders set upon and maltreated certain fishermen from Massachusetts because they came and fished in Fortune Bay on a Sunday, upon which day a local law forbade any fishing whatsoever. In the diplomatic correspondence which ensued between our Government and that at Washington, Mr. Evarts contended that no local regulation could be suffered to override the general provisions of a Treaty; whereas Lord Salisbury thought it hard that the Americans should come and catch fish which the people on the spot were precluded by obedience to their laws from catching. Then came the General Election. Lord Salisbury went out, and Lord Granville came in, and now (whether under the influence of "the Quaker curb" or not, we are unable to say) the Government have "settled" the dispute by paying 15,000/- in gold to the fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts. These enterprising Yankees probably never got such a haul in their nets since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers; but whether our Government was right to pay them it is impossible to say without being acquainted with all the ins and outs of a very intricate story. But we cannot help asking whether, under exactly similar circumstances, we should have agreed to pay Turkey an indemnity.

M. GAMBETTA AND FRANCE.—If there had been any real doubt as to the position of M. Gambetta, it would have been finally dissipated by recent events. In Cahors and the various towns through which he passed he was received as the true ruler of France; and the manner in which his visit to his native place has been commented on shows that even his enemies recognise his supremacy. The extent of his power is likely to be still more strikingly displayed by the fate of the Bill by which it is proposed to establish *Scrutin de liste*. Had the members of the Chamber of Deputies voted according to their inclinations, the measure would probably have been rejected by a large majority; but moderate Republicans were too much afraid of M. Gambetta to act independently, and so the Bill was handed on to the Senate. It is possible that the Senate may introduce some important changes, but the general opinion in France is that the principle of the scheme will not be interfered with. It may, then, be assumed that the time for the acceptance of high office by M. Gambetta has at last come. M. Grévy may not make way for him in the Presidency, but whether as President or as Prime Minister M. Gambetta will hold the first place, and, for a time at least, he will wield an authority hardly inferior to that of Richelieu or the First Napoleon. This is regretted by many Republicans, but it almost seems to be necessary for France, whatever her form of government, to submit herself to a master. She appears to be incapable of recognising a great political principle unless it is embodied in a statesman of imposing personal character; and if she had not chosen M. Gambetta for his present reputation, she would, perhaps, have conferred the dignity on some one else. His friends are, of course, confident that he will not abuse his splendid opportunities; but, whether he does or not, his greatness will have much the same effect as the greatness of Prince Bismarck has in Germany. It will discourage the manifestation of a free and vigorous spirit among politicians of the second rank.

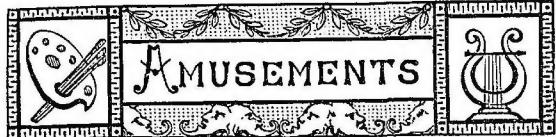
INCENDIARY FIRES.—In the simpler ages, when arson was decreed to be an offence worthy of death, it was probably much rarer than it now is, the practice of insuring property being then in its infancy. Haystacks (and more rarely dwelling-houses) are occasionally set on fire either to gratify individual spite, or from a sort of desperate hatred against society in general; but it may be taken for granted that the great majority of cases of arson are perpetrated for the sake of gain. The fire-offices possess a good deal of information on this subject which never reaches the public, and the crime in question is more common than would appear from the instances recorded in the newspapers. It is often extremely difficult to bring forward such proofs of wilful firing as will ensure conviction, besides which, fire-offices are averse to getting a character for stinginess by demurring to pay in cases to which a certain degree of suspicion attaches. But long practice makes the officers of these establishments very wide-awake, and they know by experience certain kinds of insurers who, whatever the goods which they insure may be, are themselves to be regarded as "doubly hazardous." To a dishonest man, who is also in straits (a frequent coincidence), arson is a very tempting resource, and, as before said, it is difficult of detection. In the case of the Funks, reported the other day, if the combustion of the premises had been more complete they would probably have been acquitted. Fortunately, the incendiary seldom sacrifices human life in his pursuit of ill-gotten gain. In the Notting Hill fire six persons perished; for the credit of human nature it is to be hoped that Nash and his fellow-prisoner will be able to clear themselves of the heinous accusation brought against them.

THE STATE AND "THE POOR MAN."—A remarkable speech was delivered the other day in the German Parliament by Herr Liebknecht, one of the Socialist leaders. The subject under discussion was the Working Men's Accident Assurance Bill. Herr Liebknecht claimed that the introduction of the Bill was due to the influence of his party. Prince Bismarck flattered himself that the Socialists were coming round to his point of view; but in reality "the force of circumstances had caused the Chancellor to be taken in tow by Socialism." "The poor man," continued the speaker, "had hitherto only bled for the State on the battle-field and in taxes, but it had been seen at last that the State must also bleed for the poor man." Although this is a crude way of putting the demand of the Socialist party, it expresses pretty accurately their main position. It is easy to say that what they propose is mere robbery; but the movement derives half its force from the fact that they themselves think they ask for no more than justice. With John Stuart Mill and Mr. Spencer they assume that land belongs not to individuals but to the community; and they contend that capitalists have no real right to their wealth, since rational institutions would have prevented the accumulation of vast sums in the hands of private persons. These notions have never made much way in England, but in Ireland they dominate a growing class; and probably they have a much stronger hold over working men on the Continent than might be supposed from the public proceedings of Communist societies. The Socialists cannot effect much in their present isolated position; but they might become formidable if they succeeded, as they hope to do, in combining the labouring population of different countries against those who are represented as their oppressors.

THE GRAPHIC

TREATMENT OF EMIGRANTS ON BOARD SHIP.—Miss O'Brien, the champion of the emigrants, injured her cause in the House of Commons by first retracting a statement she had made, and then by retracting her retraction. We shall be only too glad if it is incontestably proved that emigrants crossing the Atlantic are reasonably well treated. But upon whose evidence are we to depend for such information? The owners, officers, and crews of the vessels in question are prejudiced witnesses; and, as a rule, the saloon passengers know very little about the affairs of the steerage. We remember, however, some letters appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* not very long ago, the general gist of which was that rough and brutal treatment of emigrants was the rule with the crews of these vessels, and private information has reached us which corroborates this statement. We do not here speak of overcrowding; that is a breach of law which can be detected, if not at the port of departure, at all events at the port of arrival. Our contention is that the hardships which are unavoidably incurred in crossing the Atlantic by persons of small means are in some cases aggravated by wilful rudeness and downright brutality. To get any information from the emigrants themselves is manifestly very difficult; they forget their sufferings in the joy of landing, and they are usually too much interested in seeking for work to brood over a state of wretchedness which, after all, only lasted a few days, and is now gone by probably for ever.

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to a PICTORIAL and LITERARY HISTORY of NEWCASTLE.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—On MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 7.45, THE CUP (second time) and THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM. Mr. IRVING and MISS ELLEN TERRY. Mrs. Terry, Howe, Pinero, Tyers, Beaumont, Miss Sophie Young, &c. On TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 8 o'clock, OTHELLO. Othello, Mr. IRVING; Iago, Mr. BOOTH; Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Morning Performances. THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM, TO-DAY (SATURDAY) at 2.30. Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY, and on WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 8, at 2 o'clock, OTHELLO. Othello, Mr. BOOTH; Iago, Mr. IRVING; Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open to 6. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

BENEFIT OF MISS ELLEN TERRY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.—Miss ELLEN TERRY begs to announce that OTHELLO will be performed, Mr. BOOTH having kindly offered his services on this his last appearance at the Lyceum. Othello, Mr. BOOTH; Iago, Mr. IRVING; Desdemona, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Private Boxes, £1 1s. 6d. to £4 5s.; Stalls, 1s.; Dress Circle, 6s.—LYCEUM.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—St. James's Hall, Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, June 10, at 7.30 (last concert this season), Benedict's ST. CECILIA (conducted by the composer), and Rossini's STABAT MATER. Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey; Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santeley. Organist, Mr. Willing. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 2s., 5s., 3s., and 1s., at the usual Agents, and at Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 126, Harley Street, W.

MR. GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Glück's celebrated opera ORPHEUS will be performed at the FOURTH CONCERT, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 11, at 3 o'clock. Solo Vocalists—Eurydice, Miss Carlotta Elliott; Love, Miss Agnes Larkom; and Orpheus, Madame Patey. Full Chorus. The programme will also include Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in B minor. Conductor, Mr. Ganz. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 2s., 5s., 3s., and 1s., at the usual Agents, and at Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 126, Harley Street, W.

M D M E. SOPHIE MENTER'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL. Thursday afternoon, June 9, St. James's Hall, 3 o'clock. Stalls, 1s. 6d.; reserved 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., New Bond Street.

M D M E. SOPHIE MENTER will PLAY Bach's Toccata, Beethoven's Sonata Op. 109, Scartelli, Schumann's Études Symphoniques, Liszt's Schubert, and his Fantasia Huguenots (first time), Selection from Chopin, and Valse Caprice, Rubinstein. Admission, 1s.; usual agents, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

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HORSE SHOW opens this day, Saturday, June 4, 2s. 6d.
HORSE SHOW, Whit-Monday, June 6, 1s.
HORSE SHOW, Whit-Tuesday, June 7, 1s.
HORSE SHOW, Wednesday, June 8, 1s.
HORSE SHOW, Thursday, June 9, 1s.
HORSE SHOW, Last Day, Friday, June 10, 1s.
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HORSE SHOW, Entrance, Islington Green.
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(By Order). S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager, Agricultural Hall.

WHITSUNTE HOLIDAYS. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will present AN ENTIRELY NEW AND MOST ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME TO-MORROW (WHIT-MONDAY), June 6, 1881.

New and Beautiful Songs and Choruses.

New Comic Sketches and Novel Dances.

Special engagement of

MR. JAMES AND MR. HENRY HULINE,

the Inimitable Musical Mimics.

Their first appearance in England for three years, after fulfilling brilliantly successful engagements in Italy and Russia.

DAY PERFORMANCES

Will be given during the Whitman week in the following order:

MUNDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and

SATURDAY,

commencing each day at 3 o'clock,

in addition to the usual performances

Every Night at 8.30.

Fauvels, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30. No fees.

Ticket and places can be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ON WHIT-TUESDAY AFTERNOON, AT 3, THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will give an

EXTRA GRAND MATINÉE,

When the New Programme will be given in its entirety, in which the entire strength of the largest and most magnificent company in Europe will appear.

MOHAWK MINSTRELS.—MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Whit-Monday Afternoon at Three, and every Evening at Eight, for Four Weeks Only.—Grand Novelty Programme for the Whitsun Holidays.—Usual Prices.

MOHAWK MINSTRELS.—MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—The Best Entertainment in the World.—Vide Public Press.

M R. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—CHERRY TREE FARM, a New Piece by Arthur Law, Music by Hamilton Clarke, YE FANCIE FAIRE, 1881, a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Graine, and A BRIGHT IDEA, a New Afterpiece by Arthur Law, Music by Arthur Cecil. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees. Booking Office open from 10 to 6. Twice Whit-Monday, at 3 and 8.

MR. MARTIN COLNAGHI (GUARDI GALLERY), II, HAYMARKET. begs to inform the Lovers of Art that his FIFTH SUMMER EXHIBITION contains Works by the Great Colourist, Hermann Philips, others by Vouys and Charlemont, and by the young Spanish Painter, Jose Benlliure. Open daily from 10 till dusk.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 to 7.

H. F. PHILLIPS. Sec.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY,
190, STRAND, LONDON.TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY,
ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.
ARTHUR Hopkins,
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JULES GOUPIL
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PAUL BAUDRY
(Commander of the Legion of Honour,
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GUSTAVE JACQUET
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).

P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
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MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.
GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.
L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
J. J. TISSOT.
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(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PIERRE AUGUSTE COT
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
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(Officer of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,

"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS,"
E DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT.
AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF ISANDWLHANA,

Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "THE GRAPHIC."

MILLAI'S'

New Picture,

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP,"
a companion to the celebrated "CHERRY RIPE," has been added.

THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.
Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.

ROYAL PANORAMA GALLERIES, Leicester Square.

LE SALON A LONDRES.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by MM. BAUDRY, BONNAT, BONVIN, J. BOULANGER, J. BRETON, CAULUS-DURAN, DE KNUFF, GÉRÔME, HEBERT, JALABERT, JULES LEBÈVRE, ÉMILE LÉVY, LUMINAIS, MADRAZO, MEISSONIER, ROBERT FLEURY, ROUSSEAU, TISSET, VOLLON, &c.

SCULPTURE by D'EPINAY, CARRIER-BELLEUSE, GRÉVIN, &c.

Open MONDAY, June 6, from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.

Admission ONE SHILLING. Season Ticket, Five Shillings.

WESTMINSTER

PANORAMA,

YORK STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, S.W.

(Opposite St. James's Park Station, and adjoining Royal Aquarium).

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY C. CASTELLANI.

Covering over 20,000 Square Feet of Canvas.

The Largest Panorama in England.

WILL OPEN

WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 6TH.

ADMISSION, 1s.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION

Now OPEN. Daily 9 to 7. Admission, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated PICTURES, ON THE ALERT, and A FORAGING PARTY, which gained for the artist the Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium at the Antwerp Academy, 1870. Also, the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur, including the well-known "Horse Fair," now on exhibition at L. H. LEFÈVRE'S GALLERY, 1A, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Five.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity," *The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all other his great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily to 6. One Shilling.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DES AQUARELLISTES FRANÇAIS.

Now on view, an EXHIBITION of WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS by the members of the above Society at GOUPIL and CO'S GALLERIES, 25, Bedford St., Covent Garden. Admission, 1s. An illustrated Catalogue has been published.

WHITSUNTE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS for distances over 10 miles.

EXTRA TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from London, on Saturday, June 4th; returning the following Monday and Tuesday.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS, Saturday, June 4th, to Havant and Portsmouth, from Victoria 10 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m., returning the following Tuesday.

A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit-Sunday, from London Bridge 8 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth; returning same day.

A CHEAP TRAIN, Whit-Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria 7.30 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth.

Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, 7s. 6d., 5s.; Portsmouth Harbour, 2s., 5s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARD'S, AND EASTBOURNE.—CHEAP TRAINS on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday, from London Bridge, calling at New Cross and Croydon; and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction.

FARE, there and back, 5s.

EVERY SUNDAY A SPECIAL CHEAP FAST TRAIN from Victoria 9.23 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at Croydon.

Day Return Tickets 1s., 1s. 6d., and 6s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit-Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New Cross; from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

FARE, there and back, 4s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

For full particulars of Time, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, where Tickets may be obtained.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW at TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

June 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th.

ON EACH OF THE ABOVE DAYS a Special Cheap Fast Train will run as under:

Victoria : : : : : : : : : : : 9 40 a.m.

London Bridge : : : : : : : : : : : 9 50 "

Croydon, East : : : : : : : : : : : 10 10 "

Redhill Junction : : : : : : : : : : : 10 25 "

Returning from Tunbridge Wells 6.5 p.m.

FARES THERE AND BACK.

From 1st Class. 2nd Class. 3rd Class.

Victoria, London Bridge, or Croydon. 1s. 10s. 7s. 3s. 6d.

Redhill Junction. 7s. 2s. 1s. 5s. 6d.

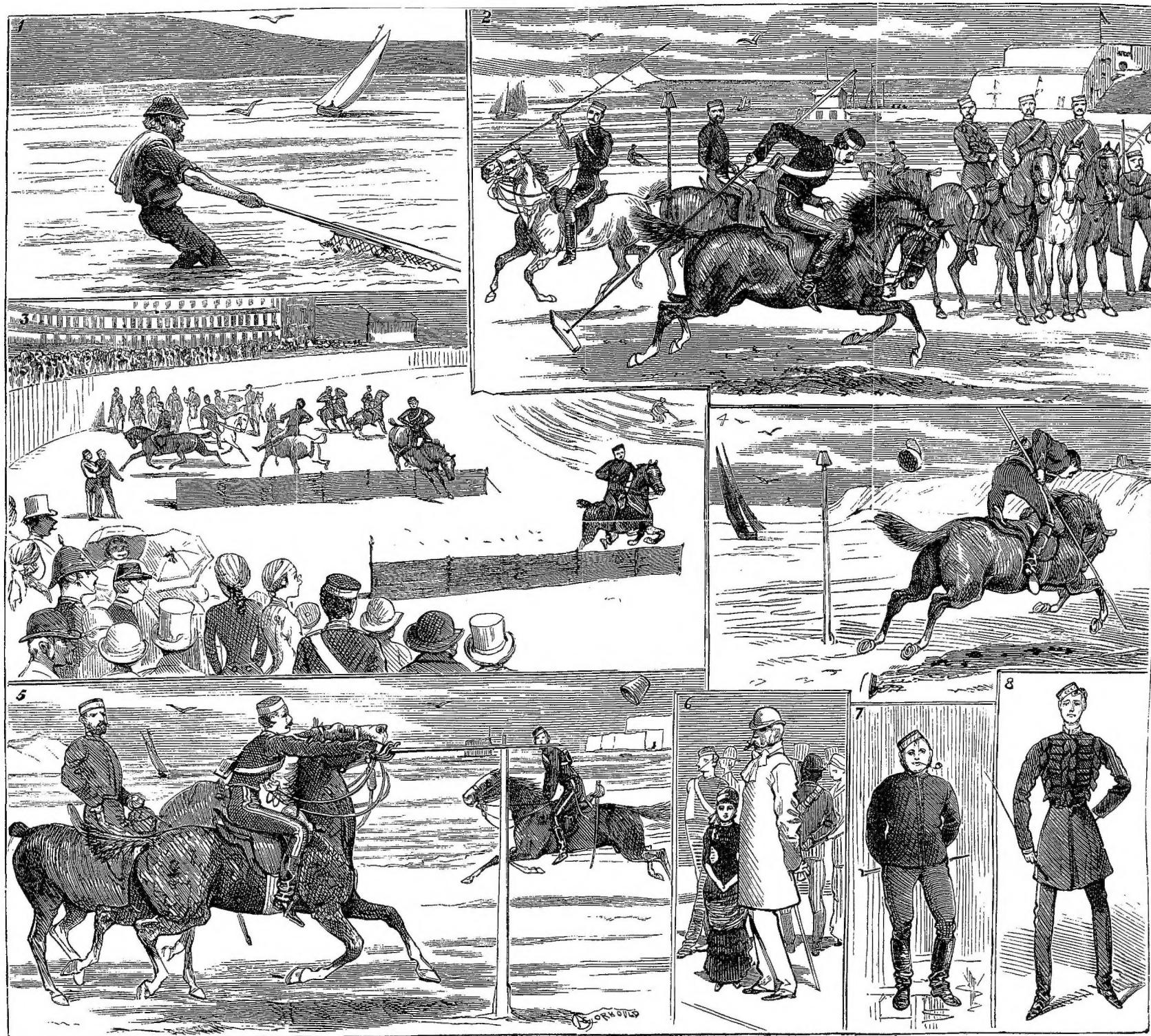
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail new swift Steamer *Colombia* of 1,000 tons, from Glasgow, daily, at 7.30 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying Passengers for Oban, North and West Highlands. Official Guide Book, 2d.; Illustrated Copper and Zinc Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 214, Piccadilly, London, or by post, free, from the Owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, No. 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT RACE

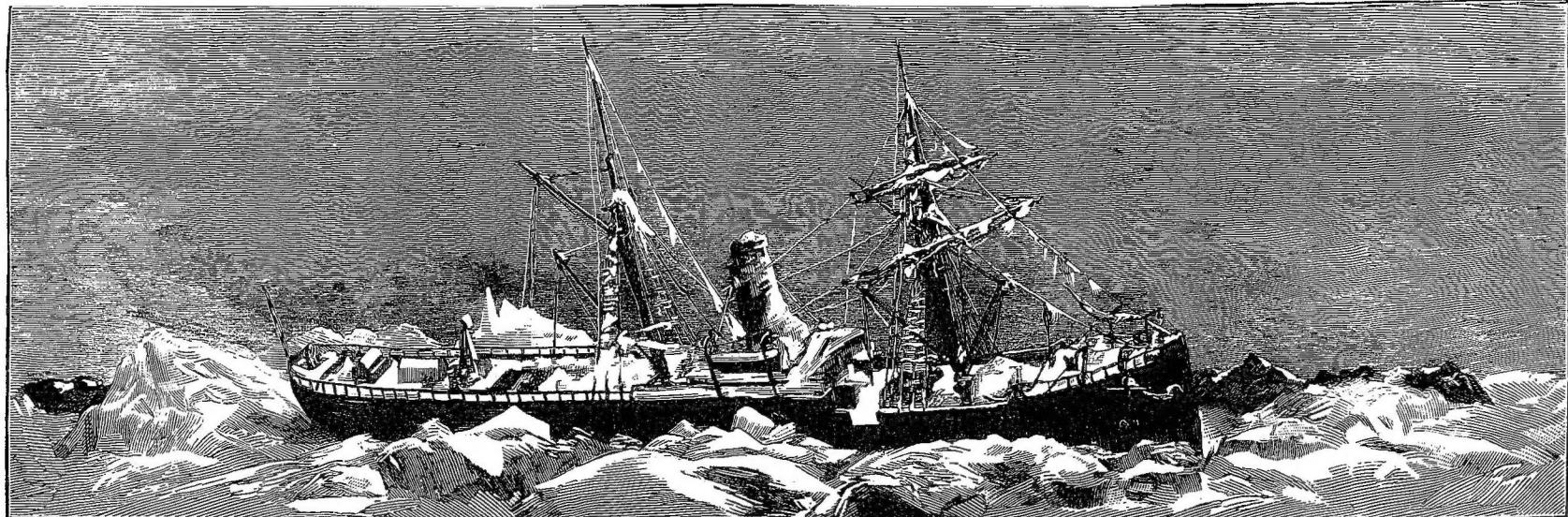
Our Illustrations

Our limited space will not admit of a full account of all the eventualities of this exciting contest, which after all would only be comprehensible to genuine nautical men, who have already had ample opportunity of studying them in the columns of our sporting contemporaries. Suffice it to say that the competing vessels were the *Euterpe*, 20 tons, owned by Mr. A. O. Bayley; the *Louise*, 20 tons, belonging to Mr. T. Wynn Eytton; the *Maggie*, 15 tons, and the *Buttercup*, 10 tons, respectively the property of Mr. T. Taylor and Mr. R. Hewitt. The course was from the Lower Hope, round the Nore, and back. With varying fortune the gallant little vessels sped on their way, and came in at the finish in the following order: *Louise*, *Euterpe*, *Maggie*, *Buttercup*, the last-named being declared the winner of the first prize by time, and the *Louise* taking second prize.

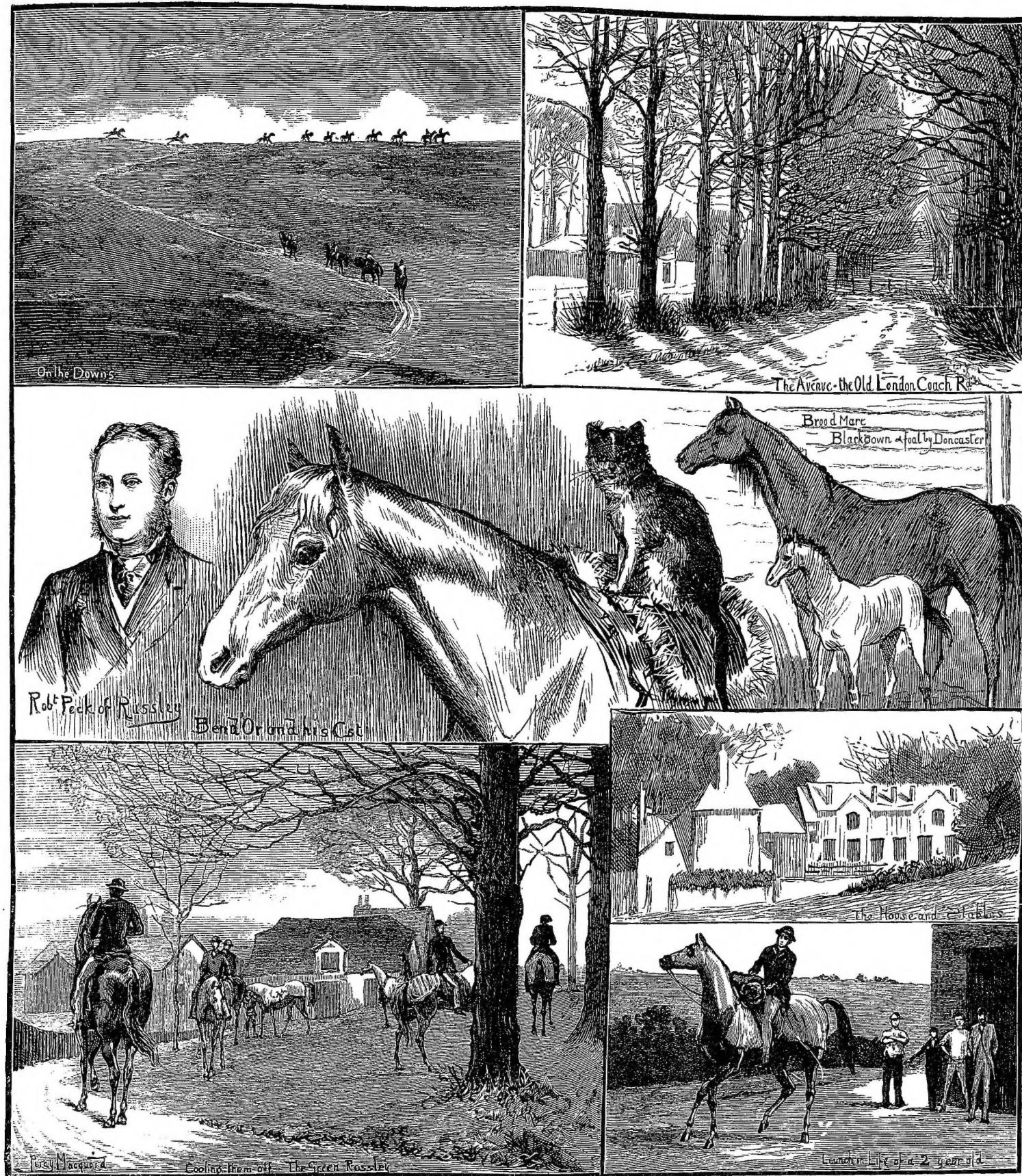


1. Business Before Pleasure : A Toiler of the Sea.—2. Tent-Pegging : "A Take," He knows the Way to do it.—3. From a Balcony : Preliminary Warming for the Hurdles' Horse Prize.—4. Almost.—5. Post Practice.—6. A Critic.—7. "Wonder if this Rain's on My Land."—8. The Orthodox Swagger.

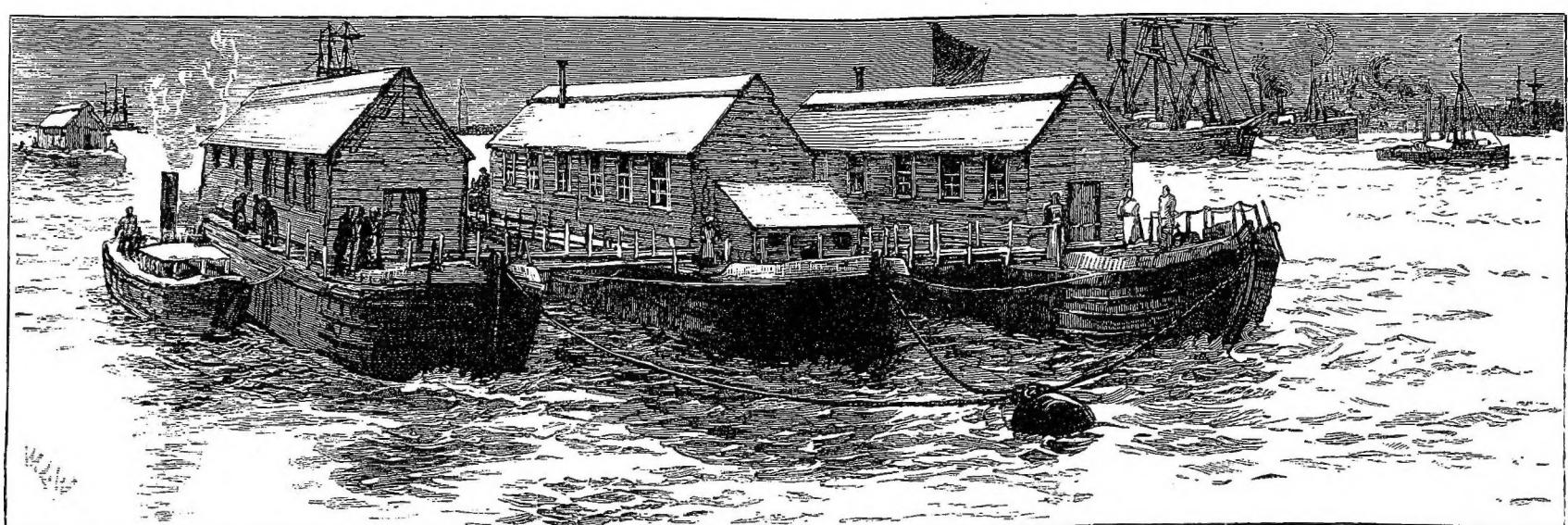
THE YEOMANRY WEEK AT WEYMOUTH



ICEBOUND IN THE BALTIC — THE STEAMER "WEST STANLEY" AFTER A WESTERLY GALE



A DAY AT THE RUSSELEY STABLES



THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC—PROPOSED FLOATING HOSPITAL ON THE THAMES

of a hospital than a fleet of barge-barracks, like those shown in our engraving, which has been suggested by Mr. Barrington Kennett, who in a recent letter to *The Times* enumerated the many advantages of his plan. Moored in groups of three *en echelon*, free ventilation would be secured, a system of quarantine and isolation could be easily enforced, and conveyance, reception of patients by means of a steam launch, and the removal of convalescents could be managed more readily than on land; the cost of construction would be less, there would be no claim for compensation on account of deterioration of neighbouring property, and finally the hospital itself could at short notice be either increased or diminished as occasion required.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. V. Barrington Kennett.

TURF NOTES IN THE EAST

WHEREVER the Englishman migrates he carries the willow and the pigs. The first step after the annexation of Cyprus that our officers took towards civilising that island was the organisation of a cricket match, while scarcely had General Roberts' troops taken vengeance for the disaster of Maiwand upon Ayoob Khan, than a Candahar race meeting was announced, and duly took place. In permanent stations in the East also the race week is one of the most important festivals of the year, and is looked forward to by both European and native as an occasion for unwanted merrymaking. The aspect of the course and the horses naturally differ from the trim green sward and the highly-groomed sleek and nervous steeds for which English stables are so renowned—the horses generally showing a preponderance of bone over muscle which would raise a hearty laugh in an Epsom or Ascot paddock. The great feature of the scene, however, is the motley crowd, whose varied and many-hued costumes are eminently picturesque. In India the mild Hindoo musters in considerable force to see the Sahibs ride, while in China, and particularly in the British settlement in Hong-Kong, the Celestial is as eager to watch the sports of the "foreign devils" as the most turf-stricken European. The Chinese are passionately addicted to gambling, and such an opportunity as this affords is not willingly lost.—Our sketches in themselves need no special description. Those from Umballa are by Lieutenant H. B. Vaughan, and those from Hong-Kong from Mr. M. A. Baptista, jun., of Hong-Kong.

GRAVES ON INGOGO HEIGHTS

OUR illustration is from a sketch by Mr. R. C. Birkett, Assistant Intelligence Officer at the headquarters of our troops in the Transvaal, and represents the graves on the Ingogo Heights after the battle of Schuin's Hooge. Mr. Birkett writes: "The ground is covered with dead horses lying between the graves—the vultures being in undisturbed possession of the field."

TUNIS—THE BEY SIGNING THE TREATY

THURSDAY, May 13th, 1881, will henceforward be a noteworthy day in the annals of Tunis. On that morning M. Roustan informed the Bey, who was staying in the Bardo Palace, that General Bréard, the Commander of the French troops, then encamped in the neighbourhood some seventeen miles distant, wished for an interview, in order that some settlement of the difficulties pending between the Bey and the French Government might be effected. To this the Bey consented, and accordingly General Bréard came with an escort and his staff to the palace, and was received in audience at four o'clock in the afternoon. The General at once presented the Bey with the Treaty which, it is stated, he at first declined to look at. Whereupon M. Roustan read it aloud to him, and General Bréard requested him to sign it. After some discussion the Bey asked for some hours' breathing time to consider the conditions, and another meeting was settled for nine o'clock that evening. Before that time, however, the Bey fairly made up his mind to the inevitable, and at seven o'clock summoned General Bréard and M. Roustan, and signed the document—which practically reduces him to a French vassal—without any further remonstrance, beyond an urgent request that at least he might be spared the humiliation of the French troops entering the town of Tunis. This request the French Government duly granted, but at the same time the French authorities have taken every possible precaution against a rising of the populace, from whom also the Bey has carefully striven to conceal the exact provisions of the Treaty.

THE MALDIVE ISLANDS

THESE are a cluster of small coral islands, divided into thirteen *atolls*, or groups, in the Indian Ocean west of Ceylon, to which they are tributary. The land is seldom more than five or six feet above sea-level, so that, to the spectator approaching them, the cocoa-nut trees seem to be growing out of the water. The whole group is inhabited by a civilised race, expert navigators and sailors, who carry on a considerable trade (chiefly in cocoa-nuts and cowrie shells, the latter being used by the Hindoos as money) with Bengal, Chittagong, Ceylon, and the Malabar Coast. They are an inoffensive race, professing the Mahomedan faith, and number from 150,000 to 200,000 persons.

The islands have been rarely visited by Europeans (shipwrecked seamen excepted, who are always kindly treated), and no voluntary white visitor had been to the group for some forty-five years, when Mr. H. C. P. Bell, of the Ceylon Civil Service, went there in 1879. He took a series of photographs, from some of which our engravings are produced. (1) A street in Malé Island. The street is of fine white coral sand. At the entrance of every respectable house there is a portico and wicket-gate. (2) "The Arena." The sports consist of mimic hand-to-hand combats with sword, shield, lance, or quarterstaff. The shed on the right is set apart for the Sultan, his body-guard, and the band; on the left the ladies are accommodated. (3.) "Ibrahim Didi" is a nephew of a late wealthy merchant, who was brother-in-law to the Sultan. (4) shows the harbour on the north side of Malé Island, with native fishing craft at anchor. The harbour is secured from the monsoon storms by an artificial bank of coral. (5.) "The Sultan's Palace" is a large upper-roomed house, with a sloping roof, surrounded with a high-walled enclosure and a shallow moat. The small brass cannon are only fired on State occasions. (6) Shows a portion of the chief Mosque and Tower in which the Sultans are buried. It is surrounded by a substantially-built stone wall. (7.) The woman carrying water wore on her head a red-and-white handkerchief and a loose-fitting long robe, dull red, trimmed with silver lace. The personage at her side is the son of the late Fourth Vizier, the Sultan's Ambassador. (8.) This wall (now partly in ruins) incloses Malé Island, except on the south side, which is inaccessible from the sea. About a dozen cannon are in position along the fort wall. (9.) In one of these boats Mr. Bell voyaged among the islands. The remaining sketch shows various Maldive implements, which need no special description.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 525.

NEWCASTLE ILLUSTRATED

See pp. 553 *et seqq.*



HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY was officially observed in London on Saturday. The ceremony of Trooping the Colours took place in St. James's Park, and was witnessed by the King of Sweden and Norway; and in the evening the clubs and public buildings and many tradesmen's establishments at the West End were illuminated, and the customary State banquets were given by the great officers of State, the Prince of Wales dining with the Prime Minister.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION.—Lord Salisbury, speaking the other day at the biennial dinner of the Middlesex Conservative Association, condemned the Land Bill for its mystic and enigmatic language, and spoke of the disastrous manner in which the "unlucky Quaker curb" had been applied in the Cabinet, whose most prominent tenets seemed to be the diminution of the English Empire and that force was no remedy. At Manchester, on Wednesday, Sir Stafford Northcote said that there were not ten men in Parliament who believed in the Land Bill, the principle of which was the Robin Hood one of taking from the rich to give to the poor. He also reproved the Liberal party for its disregard of Colonial interests in the Transvaal, and strongly urged the Conservatives not to yield to the panic of disgrace, but to preserve a dignified and determined attitude.

IRELAND.—The condition of affairs in Ireland is growing worse than ever. In several parts of the country the people are openly resisting the police and military, using sticks, stones, and any other weapons that they can obtain. Among the most recent incidents was a sort of pitched battle at Clonmel in which four policemen and several soldiers were badly wounded, and an affray between H. M. S. *Goshawk* and the islanders of Arranmore, in which five of the ship's boats were destroyed. Reports of individual outrages—murders, violent assaults, incendiary fires, and Boycotting—are daily coming in. There is a growing rumour that the Government contemplate the complete suppression of the Land League, and it has been resolved that, should they do so, the Central Committee will remove to Holyhead, as being the nearest place to Ireland outside the scope of the Coercion Act. Meanwhile, some more arrests have been made, the most notable being that of Mr. Kettle, one of the "organisers" of the Land League. A very pretty quarrel has cropped up between some of the leading spirits of the Land League. Mr. P. Egan began it by sending a letter from Paris denouncing Messrs. O'Connor Power, McCoan, and the O'Donoghue for their support of the Government in the recent division on the Land Bill, and the result has been a series of manifestoes, in which each appears to be trying to outdo the other in the lavish use of uncomplimentary phrases: "blacklegs," "cowards," "screaming hired demagogues," "whitelivered filibusters of the tongue," "insolent libellers," "skulking poltroonery," "cowardly and mendacious insolence," are among the choice excerpts from these documents, the publication of which had its fitting, albeit disgraceful sequel, in the squabble which took place in the House of Commons on Monday.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH.—Mr. Bradlaugh continues his appeal to the public for support in his claim to take his seat in Parliament. During this week he has addressed several large meetings at Manchester and elsewhere, and on the 9th inst. the League for the defence of Constitutional Rights, which has just been formed to agitate for the assertion of the right of electors to send unchallenged to the House of Commons any person not disqualified by statute, is to hold a mass meeting in St. James's Hall. The General Assembly of the Scottish Established Church have resolved to petition against the Parliamentary Oaths Bill; whilst in the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church notice has been given of a resolution declaring that the raising of the question of religious qualification on a member presenting himself in the House of Commons to take the oath is a violation of the principles of religious liberty.

A NATIONAL PROTECTION LEAGUE.—The *Birmingham Gazette* states that a new "National League" has been formed "to protect the country from the unfair assaults directed from abroad against its industries and its commerce." Its object is "protection alike for land and labour, from unfair and one-sided foreign competition, while leaving all commercial transactions as free and unfettered as the winds of heaven," and this is to be achieved by the establishment of an Imperial Trade Federation between the mother country and her colonies, and the defence of our national labour against unfair foreign competition by means of an Imperial tariff.

THE SURVIVORS OF H. M. S. "Doterel" have arrived in England, and, having reported themselves and given in their statements respecting the disaster, have been granted a fortnight's leave of absence, it having been decided to await the report of Lieutenant Stokes as to the result of the diving operations before proceeding with the court-martial. The men have been supplied with new out-fits, and compensation for loss of property is to be allowed the officers in proportion to their rank.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY held its sixth annual meeting on Saturday, when the Earl of Dunraven vacated the Presidency, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., who in his address alluded in grateful terms to the kindness of Sir Coutts Lindsay, the Society of British Artists, the proprietors of the Hanover and Graphic Galleries, the Rector of Bishopsgate, and the Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, in having placed their respective galleries at the disposal of the Society. He remarked that if the only alternative were between the strictest Puritan Sunday and one of ordinary work or vain pleasure-seeking, he should without hesitation elect to have the more rigid and more rational observance of the day. But this was not the alternative. It was quite possible to preserve all that was good in the Sunday—negative and positive—rest from ordinary labour, and opportunity for religious worship; but to make it also a day of healthy recreation, when the working man might have his character elevated and his tastes refined by studying the masterpieces of Art and the curiosities of Nature in our picture galleries and national museums.

THE COACHING CLUB held its first meet of the season on Saturday, thirty-one perfectly-appointed drags assembling at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park, and going thence to the Orleans Club at Twickenham. Mr. H. V. Trotter led the way, the President and Vice-President of the club being unable to attend.

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS are still discussing their grievances. At a large meeting held by them in London the other night votes of thanks were unanimously carried to those members of Parliament who have advocated their cause; and a resolution was adopted declaring that nothing short of the Playfair scheme, and the abolition of the distinction between pre-transfer and post-transfer clerks, would be accepted as satisfactory.

BATHING FATALITIES have occurred with painful frequency since the setting in of the warm weather. No fewer than six were reported from different parts of Scotland on Saturday, one at Oxford, and two in Wales, one of the victims being a student at the Baptist College, Llangollen, who, it is said, had, on the morning of his death, read a sermon in the College class from the text, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

OBITUARY.—Mr. Henry Pease, formerly M.P. for South Durham, and the successor of his brother Joseph in the Presidency

of the Peace Society, died on Monday at the age of seventy-four. He had been suffering from heart disease for about two years.—Another reported death is that of Mr. Henry Jenkins, of Clifton, to whom some years ago the Rev. Flavel Cook refused the Holy Communion because of his alleged non-belief in the personality of the Devil. It will be remembered that the case came before the Ecclesiastical Courts, which decided in Mr. Jenkins's favour, and that Mr. Cook then resigned his living rather than give up his point.



THE impossible conditions under which the House of Commons attempts to perform the business of the country were forcibly illustrated on Monday. By an unexpected collapse of prolixity, the House got into Committee on the Irish Land Bill on Thursday night, and was to have started fair on Monday with consideration of the amendments which crowd the paper. Beginning fresh with the week, there was a reasonable expectation that some of the real business would be achieved, and even that a decent measure of progress would be made. In the first hour of the sitting these hopes were blighted from an unexpected quarter. A private railway Bill claimed the attention of the house, and occupied it for exactly an hour. Thus, instead of commencing with the questions at half-past four, half-past five had struck before the private Bill was got out of the way. Then there were the questions, of the customary aggregate number, and the usually limited amount of public interest.

All this brought the evening up to half-past six, an hour at which, in happier times, the House was wont to find itself well into its work. Late as it was, something might have been done if business had now commenced. But a great deal was to happen before so prosaic a thing as legislation was undertaken. The Irish members, who are fertile in expedients for occupying the earlier hours of the evening with attacks on the Saxon in general and Mr. Forster in particular, had arranged, for this evening only, a serimone among themselves. Mr. Sullivan, at a subsequent period of the evening, expressed his sense of "the shame and humiliation brought upon Ireland and Irishmen" by Mr. Mitchell Henry. About the shame and humiliation there was not much doubt. But controversy begins at the point where Mr. Sullivan attempts to make Mr. Mitchell Henry responsible. What the member for Galway did was to bring under the notice of the House a letter written by Mr. Pat Egan, Treasurer of the Land League, in which he violently reproached Mr. O'Connor Power, the O'Donoghue, and Mr. McCoan for insubordination in having voted for the Second Reading of the Land Bill when Mr. Parnell told them not. This is the mild English way of stating the fact. Mr. Pat Egan's way of putting it was that Mr. O'Connor Power was "a blackleg" and Mr. McCoan "a carpet-bagger." Mr. Henry, in moving that a breach of privilege had been committed, managed to say a few kind words of his countrymen in a much better way than this. Commenting on the terms of Mr. Egan's letter, he said that the writer appeared to be of the opinion that the time prophesied by Grattan (speaking of the Union) had arrived, and that "the Irish people had returned, out of revenge, to the House of Commons some of the greatest scoundrels who had ever disgraced a legislative assembly." This hit was received with prolonged laughter and cheers by the crowded House.

The row was distinguished above the level of ordinary outbreaks by the able and impressive speech which Mr. O'Connor Power made in refutation of the insinuations in Mr. Egan's letter, and by the striking proof he supplied of the measure of good faith existing among the men who earn notoriety and a livelihood out of the Land League. Mr. Power produced a telegram sent to him in January by Mr. Quinn, one of the principal personages of the Land League Executive, requesting Mr. Power's influence to obtain for Mr. Daly the Crown Prosecutorship of Mayo. Mr. Daly is a gentleman whose name figures largely in the reports from the disturbed districts, where, as the hired agent of the Land League, he undertakes the legal defence of tenants who do not pay their rent. Mr. Gladstone, in tones of burning indignation, fastened the responsibility of the letter upon Mr. Parnell, and declared that the House had a right to know from that gentleman whether he thought this was a manner in which it became him and his agent to describe the Parliamentary proceedings of his colleagues. Mr. Parnell, after his manner, took no notice of this charge and challenge, attempting to raise a fresh issue by an attack on the Home Secretary. The motion declaring the letter a breach of privilege was carried unanimously. But the House contemptuously declined to proceed further with the indictment, and Mr. Egan, who watched the proceedings from the Ambassador's Gallery, was deprived of the luxury of appearing at the bar, and occupying the attention of the House for a whole evening.

After this the House got into Committee on the Land Bill. But it was already half-past eight, and the exigencies of the State rendered it necessary that progress should be reported at midnight, in order that a vote on account might be taken. Thus it came to pass that only one amendment was discussed and disposed of. But the discussion and its result were of high importance, and, followed as it was by another debate on Tuesday, cannot fail to have practical effect upon the fate of the Bill. What took place on the Second Reading after it once became clear that the Opposition shrank from serious challenge was a matter of little moment. The real fight opened in Committee, and how the party would range themselves was a matter of much interest and a little anxiety. The first amendment on which a trial of strength was made was moved from the Ministerial side by Mr. Brand. Mr. Brand is the Speaker's son, and is an able young gentleman of Whig proclivities. The only expectation Conservatives have of making the slightest impression on the Bill is by a possible coalition with the Whigs. Here, on the very threshold of the Bill, was an opportunity of bringing matters to a test. Mr. Brand's amendment desired to limit the beneficial operation of the Act to present tenancies. The Conservatives instantly and readily rallied round him, and a long and occasionally animated discussion took place. In the course of it it was made clear that Mr. Brand stood alone, or at least had not half-a-dozen adherents on the Liberal benches. Their defection on a division would be more than compensated for by the unanimous vote of the Irish members. It was thought undesirable, at this early stage of the discussion, to furnish the Government with an opportunity for strengthening their position by a triumphant division. Accordingly, after prolonged debate, the amendment was withdrawn.

At the morning sitting on Tuesday a similar crisis presented itself. This time Conservatism found its champion on the Liberal benches in the person of Mr. Ramsay, a Scotch member not often heard of outside Wednesday-afternoon discussions on Scotch affairs. Mr. Ramsay moved an amendment to limit the operation of the Bill to holdings of the annual rent of 30*l.* Again the Conservatives closed up their ranks, and prepared to give battle under the banner of the Ministerial malcontent. With the object of improving their chances they enlarged the scope of the amendment, making its proposal a limitation of the Bill to holdings of 50*l.* valuation. On this the Committee divided, with significant result. 243 voted against the amendment, which found 140 supporters. This showed a majority of over a hundred for the Government in support of a main principle of the Bill. The fact that the division was taken at a morning sitting, without any special whip for the Ministerial side,

JUNE 4, 1881

increases the significance of these figures, and seems to show to all whom it may concern that the Government is impregnable in the position it has taken up of unflinchingly supporting the integrity of the Bill on all its main lines.

As has hitherto happened with unvarying regularity, Tuesday, being a day appointed for the consideration of the Land Bill, was partly appropriated for other purposes. Wednesday being the Derby Day was preceded by the usual motion for the adjournment, of which Mr. R. Power took charge. He was met by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and the House witnessed with placid enjoyment the tournament of wit between the two members. The entertainment has a tendency to pall upon the appetite by repetition, and perhaps the best thing said in the course of the discussion was by the Home Secretary, who observed that as they had serious business to transact they had better go to a division forthwith. This advice was adopted, and the holiday approved by 246 votes against 119, showing a considerable diminution of the majority of last year. At the evening sitting a useful but prosaic debate took place on the question of the Fishing Vessels' Lights, which was followed by a discussion on Irish potatoes, in which Lord Randolph Churchill, arriving at a late hour, took a large part. But the House has grown a little tired of Lord Randolph, and was much pleased with the successful and altogether unexpected manner in which he was put down by the Solicitor-General for Ireland. On Wednesday the House took holiday, and on Thursday returned to the Irish Land Bill.



THE TURF.—The meteorological contingencies of a Derby Day are a very important element in the calculations of the thousands who regard it chiefly from its purely holiday aspect. They may be starved with cold both on the journey and on the course; they may be melted with heat; they may be white with snow, or grey with dust; they may spend a fairly comfortable or supremely uncomfortable day. As a rule, the uncomfortable prevails more or less, but out of the 102 anniversaries of the Derby, probably not one has been accompanied with more glorious weather than that of Wednesday last. Bright sunshine, tempered by a cooling breeze, ruled throughout the day, and what could be wished for more than the additional pleasure of backing the Derby winner? It is said (but it has often been said before) that more persons went by road to Epsom than ever went before, and that there were more on the Downs than on any previous occasion; and probably the statement is correct. Not that there was any special interest in the race; and, if it had not been for the presence of a strong American contingent among the starters, it would have been unusually uninteresting. There was, however, a good deal of heavy wagering for some days prior to the race, and on the course itself, as the way in which Peregrine won the Two Thousand made public backers most anxious to support him, while others, remembering the fatality which has attended Two Thousand winners for so many years, had fancies for other animals, and especially for Iroquois, on whom most of the hopes and a great deal of the money of the Americans was placed. Not a few, too, had a great fancy for St. Louis, who, though reputedly not fully trained according to rule, they thought might break the spell which hangs over the winners of the Middle Park Plate, and also follow in the footsteps of his sire, Hermit, whose "untrainedness" is reported to have caused him to be the winner of the famous Derby of 1867. However, *quot homines tot sententiae* in such matters; but if ever a first favourite on recent public running should have won the Derby, surely it was Peregrine. Only fifteen horses came to the post, and of these more than one was only on a "make-running" mission. The start was an excellent one, and Marshal Macdonald was the first to break the line, which was wonderfully straight for some hundreds of yards, and at different points in the earlier part of the race Geologist, Fortune's Favourite, Don Fulano, St. Louis, and Voluptuary were among those who showed conspicuously. St. Louis led into the straight, and then Voluptuary was momentarily in front; but the former was soon afterwards beaten, as were two or three others in the first flight. At the Road Peregrine drew to the front, followed by Town Moor and Iroquois to the Bell, when the last-named challenged the favourite, and, getting the better of him in a few strides, won rather cleverly by half-a-length, Town Moor being two lengths behind, with Scobell a good fourth. Thus the Americans have won their first Derby, and are to be heartily congratulated on it, as the result of the pluck and perseverance they have shown for some years. Mr. P. Lorillard, the owner of Iroquois, will be the "biggest" man in the United States for some time to come, and if the Presidency were shortly to be competed for, and Mr. Lorillard tried for it, he would probably be elected on the strength of his Derby win alone, and the honour and glory he has brought to the land of the Stars and Stripes. Iroquois has not been a consistent winner altogether in this country, but his very close contest last year with Bal Gal, when at her best, showed what was in him. It could not be reasonably expected that he would be able to reverse the Guineas running with Peregrine, but he has done it; and if, as probably is the case, Foxhall is a better horse, and Barrett shortly will be, our visitors have indeed a stable of clinkers. The Sporting Press almost "to a man" went for the favourite, and gave Iroquois the second place, *Land and Water* being the only journal which placed the actual first and second. Iroquois has many valuable engagements, including the St. Leger, and is just the stamp of horse to go on winning. Archer was his jockey on Wednesday last; and it would really seem that the animal under him has practically a pull in the weights of from 5lb. to 8lb. in any race. Count Lagrange's Albion, the winner of the French Derby on Sunday last, was not among the starters at Epsom, probably not being reckoned good enough to have even an outside chance.

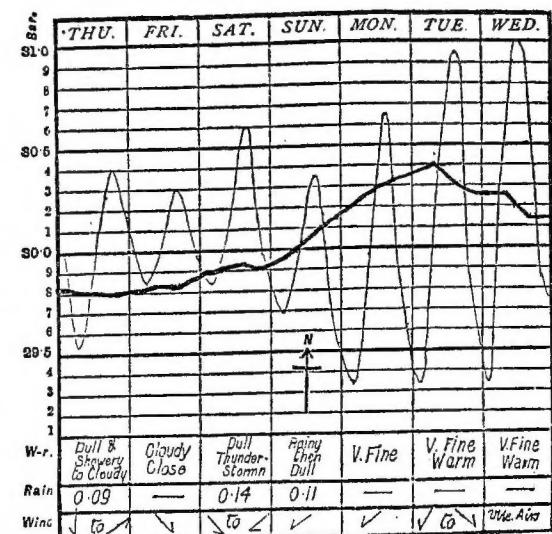
CRICKET.—Glorious weather for cricketers, especially for the batsmen. At Lord's Yorkshire has obtained an easy victory over Middlesex. In its first innings the Home county could only make 91, of which Mr. Wilkinson scored 41; but the visitors totalled 198, to which Emmett contributed 89. Middlesex fared but little better in its second attempt, scoring only 98, which left Yorkshire victorious by an innings and 9 runs.—Lancashire, which bids fair to be the crack, or next the crack, county this season, has made short work of Derbyshire by an innings and 125 runs. For the former, Mr. Hornby, who seems to be in better batting form than ever, made 128, of which twenty-three were "fours."—Nottinghamshire also has had an easy victory over Sussex by an innings and 69 runs, and, without wishing to speak ungraciously, it may be fairly said that the southern county flies at too high game. It may be noted that for Notts Shaw, who is coming out in the batting line this season, marked 41 (not out). It is a matter for great regret that a rupture has occurred between the executive of the Notts County Cricket Club and the majority of the Eleven, which almost threatens to break up the finest county team that has been seen in England for years. We sincerely trust that such a catastrophe may be averted.—Yorkshire has suffered a defeat from the M.C.C., Mr. Hornby, with 43 in the first innings, and Mr. Shuter, with 43 (not out) in the second, and Shaw and Mycroft with their bowling, contributing mainly to the result.—The Woolwich Royal Military

Academy could make but a poor stand against I. Zingari in a one-innings' match, the latter winning with 178 to the good, of which Mr. A. W. Ridley was credited with 120, and Captain Roe buck with 61. — The Oxford University Cricket Club contemplated demanding payment from visitors to the new cricket ground in the Parks, and had actually begun to enclose it, when the University authorities very properly set their feet on the gate-money principle.

AQUATICS.—Hertford has left off head of the river at Oxford, displacing Magdalen, in the May Annual College Races, but there is in reality very little indeed to choose between the two crews. The boats of both, curiously enough, were built by Halford, a new comer, we believe, to Oxford from Gloucester. Christ Church lost five places, and their being “bumped” by St. Mary’s Hall (“Skimmery” in the vernacular) so piled up the agony that, it is said, the foolish young men of the “House,” as they call it, gave vent to their feelings by very logically attempting to duck the unfortunate porter of the establishment in the Town Quad basin.—Over the Thames Championship Course Audsley, of Waterloo, contrary to general expectation, has beaten Donovan, of Wapping.—Great regret is felt at the decision of the Henley Stewards to the effect that the Cornell University crew from America will not be allowed to row, in consequence of their formal entry being made too late. They have, however, set sail from America in the belief that the decision, under the circumstances, will be reversed. We all know that the Henley authorities are very high and mighty personages, but we will not for a moment anticipate that they will consider their decision is like the laws of the Medes and Persians.—Trickett has left this country for America, with his “guide, philosopher, and friend,” Harry Kelley, after paying a graceful tribute to us for the reception and treatment he experienced here.

ATHLETICS.—The annual athletic contest between Woolwich and Sandhurst Military Colleges has taken place at Woolwich, when the visitors scored six out of the nine events, but it must be remembered that their opponents were short of three of their best men, who were incapacitated through recent injuries.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
MAY 26 TO JUNE 1 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shaded temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of the period the weather was extremely dull, close and unsettled, with showers on Thursday (26th ult.) and a slight thunderstorm on Saturday afternoon (28th ult.). On Sunday (29th ult.) the weather was also dull and rainy, but on Monday (30th ult.) it improved very considerably, and since then has been fine, bright, and agreeable. On Friday (27th ult.) the maximum temperature was only 66 deg., and on Monday (30th ult.) it reached 73 deg., on Tuesday (1st ult.) 79 deg., and on Wednesday (1st inst.) rose as high as 80 deg. The winds have varied a good deal but have been usually from points between north-east and north-west, and of light or moderate strength. The barometer was highest (30.40 inches) on Tuesday (1st ult.) and lowest (29.80 inches) on Thursday (26th ult.); range, 0.60 inches. Temperature was highest (80 deg.) on Wednesday (1st inst.); lowest (47 deg.) on Monday (30th ult.), Tuesday (31st ult.), and Wednesday (1st inst.); range, 33 deg. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.34 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.14 inches) on Saturday (28th ult.).

UNEQUAL AND INADEQUATE SENTENCES.—Very great astonishment and a considerable degree of dissatisfaction have not unnaturally been excited by the extraordinary disparity of the sentences passed last week on two men, John Hunt and James Lewis, who were convicted of manslaughter at the Central Criminal Court. They were tried on the same day before the same judge, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. Hunt, who, in a fit of drunken fury, had kicked his wife about the head because she had aggravated him by kicking his dog, was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour; whilst Lewis, who had kicked in the back the woman who lived with him as his wife, and who had neglected to get his tea ready, was condemned to five years' penal servitude. The latter sentence certainly does not err on the side of severity, considering the brutal nature of the crime, but it is perfectly Draconian compared to the former one, whose ridiculous inadequacy is all the more striking when considered in connection with the remark made by the learned judge in imposing it—namely, that while giving effect to the merciful recommendation of the jury, he must pass such a sentence as would show "that human life was a precious thing in the eye of the law, and could not be taken without punishment." The wide divergence in the degree of punishment imposed by different magistrates and in different Courts for offences which bear a strong likeness to each other has long been the subject of unsavourable comment, and this very week's reports from the London police courts afford a couple of instances in point, the Worship Street magistrate having sentenced a drunken wife-beater to six months' hard labour, whilst at Clerkenwell another ruffian, whose violence to his wife was even greater, the poor woman having several ribs broken, was let off with three months' imprisonment. Such differing sentences as these may possibly be accounted for by the fact of their being imposed by different men, one of whom may regard the particular crime in question with a greater degree of abhorrence than the other; and even in cases where unequal sentences are imposed by the same magistrate or judge, a lapse of any considerable period of time having occurred between them, we may suppose that in the interim his mind has undergone a change, and that he has gradually and reasonably come to regard the offence with which he has to deal with greater or less reprobation, as the case may be. But when the same judge passes on the same day two such sentences as those above cited, the effect upon all ordinary people must be to produce in their minds a feeling of utter amazement and bewilderment; not unmixed with apprehension lest our boasted reputation for even-handed justice should be slipping away from us.

ELECTRIC VELOCIPEDES, *Engineering* tells us, are fast being perfected in Paris. A tricycle was recently driven by electricity at the rate of an ordinary cab, but it is hoped that by modifying the apparatus the speed may be increased to twelve or fifteen miles an hour.



THE AMERICAN PEACH CROP is expected to prove a complete failure.

MOSQUITOES have appeared in London, imported, it is supposed, in American luggage. Mr. J. H. Smith, of New York, in 1882, has met

THE PROPOSED WORLD'S FAIR at New York in 1883 has met with so little encouragement that the plan has been abandoned, and it is proposed instead to hold an International Exhibition at Boston in 1885. Here the scheme seems to have much better chance of success, as the Bostonians have taken up the matter warmly, and point to the admirable situation and plentiful attractions of their city as likely to draw large numbers of visitors.

THE POPULATION OF REGISTRATION LONDON is now 3,814,571 according to the late census, having increased 560,311, or 17·2 per cent., within the last decade. During the previous ten years the increase was only 16·1 per cent., and therefore the estimate of the population hitherto used was considerably below the actual number. The same remark applies to Norwich, Birmingham, Nottingham, Liverpool, Salford, and Hull, but in the thirteen other large provincial towns the rate of increase has declined within this period.

THE FANCY FAIR AND MUSICAL FÊTE to be held at the Albert Hall next Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in aid of the fund for completing the new building of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, promises to be very picturesque. The arena will be turned into an old English market-place, lined with houses, the lower storey of each forming a stall, which will be held by ladies in Elizabethan costume. Each stall will be under some sign, such as "Ye Rose and Thistle," "Ye Sherwood Oak," &c. A procession of children in old English garb will be included in the opening ceremony.

A GERMAN NATIONAL THEATRE on the plan of the Comédie Française is to be founded in Berlin. Some of the chief Teutonic dramatic stars have joined in the project, and the theatre will open in October, 1882. Talking of the Théâtre Français, by the way, 1880 was the most prosperous year ever known in its annals, except the Exhibition time of 1878. Last year the Français received 75,934*l.*, notwithstanding the free performances, and made a handsome profit; unlike the Grand Opera, which, although realising 162,653*l.*, found a considerable deficit at the end of the twelvemonth. Within the last ten years the Français has made on an average 60,000*l.* yearly, and during the same period the repertory included 160 pieces.

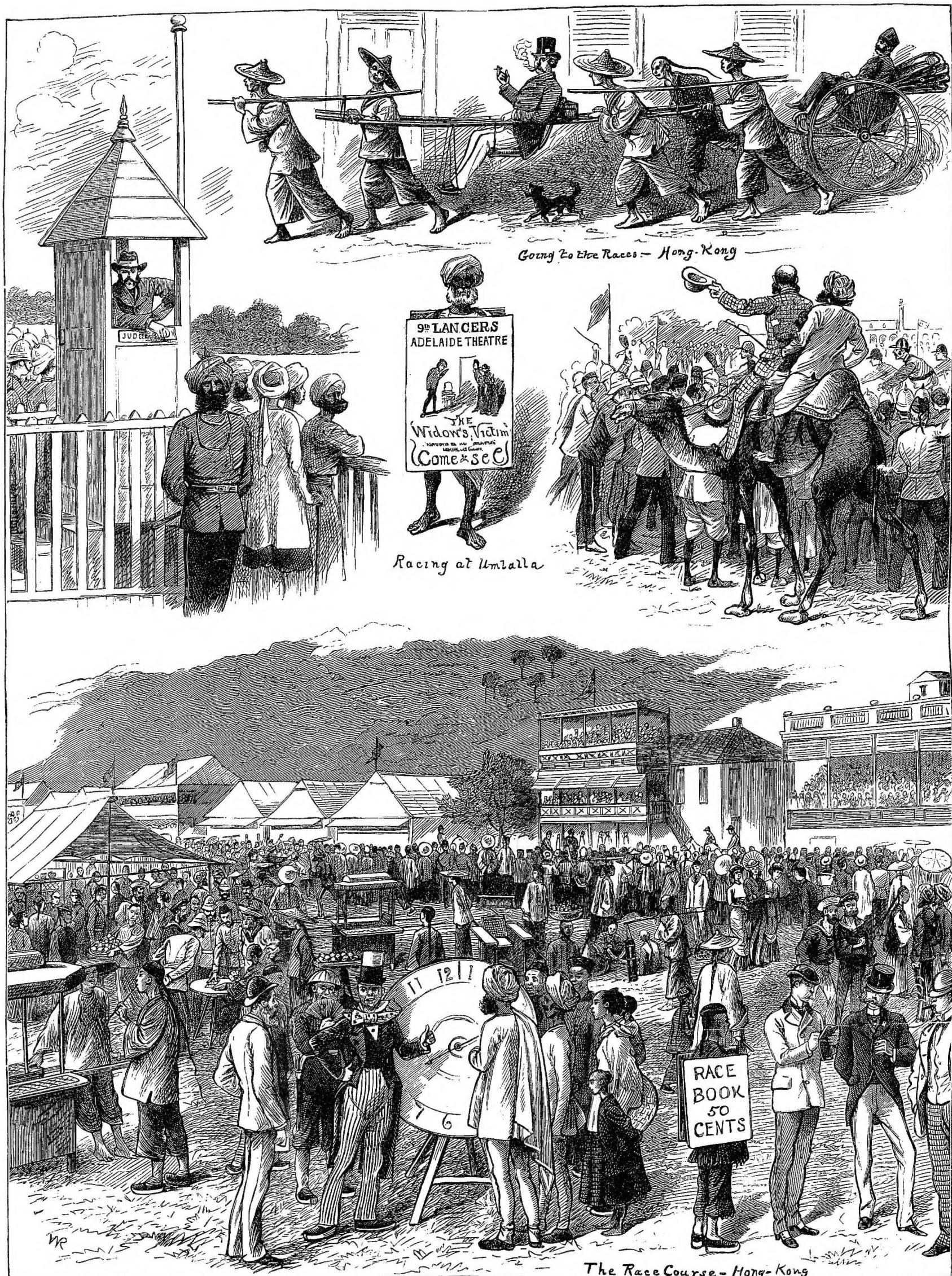
FOUR OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S PICTURES realised at a recent sale over 20,000/. The painting of the Polar Bears, known as "Man Proposes and God Disposes," fetched the highest price yet paid for any of his works—6,615/, while 5,512/ were given for "The Well-bred Sitters;" 5,250/ for the large cartoon in coloured crayons, the "Stag Pursued by a Hound," which is said to have been painted in three or four hours, and 3,097/ 10s. for "Digging Out the Otter," which was left unfinished by the artist, and at his request was completed by Mr. Millais. The latter painter, by the way, also found the value of his own productions greatly increased, his "Princes in the Tower," exhibited in the Academy a short time since, being re-sold for 3,990/.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,452 deaths were registered against 1,488 during the previous seven days, a decline of 36, being 3 above the average, and at the rate of 19·8 per 1,000. There were 92 fatal cases of small-pox (against 103 the previous week), exceeding the average by 43. The number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals on Saturday last was 1,552, 402 new cases having been admitted during the week. The 1,452 deaths also included 86 from measles, 33 from scarlet fever, 13 from diarrhoea, and 241 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 15, and 16 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 41 deaths. There were 2,411 births registered, against 2,463 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 5. The mean temperature of the air was 59·5 deg., and 3·6 above the average.

THE SARAH BERNHARDT FEVER across the Channel has broken out again on the return of the actress, and enthusiastic Norman admirers fairly crowd the vessel in which she came home, as it lies in dock at Havre. They inspect every corner of her state-room, point out where she sat, slept, and ate, and even propose to buy the fixtures as Bernhardt relics. The fair Sarah, however, is not the first French actress thus idolised, for so far back as 1785 the famous opera-singer, Mdlle. de Saint Huberti, who left Paris on account of a similar managerial quarrel, found Marseilles even more enthusiastic. An aquatic *fête* and tournament took place in her honour, the Marseillais executed a triumphal dance round their guest as she reclined on a divan, and salvos of artillery and fireworks were let off on all sides.

As THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS draw near, those happy young ones looking forward to a seaside visit may well be reminded that the Sea-Shell Mission is heartily grateful for all contributions of shells and seaweeds to be distributed to sick children in homes and hospitals. Put in gaily-covered boxes of all sizes and descriptions, and accompanied by a small text and picture, the shells afford immense pleasure, while a card of prettily mounted common seaweed is equally delightful. Since the Mission began two years ago 1,000 boxes have been distributed, and shells received from all parts of the world, while scrap-books are now included in the plan. The Mission now ask for funds to send out their boxes as well as for the boxes themselves, texts, cards, or pictures to accompany the shells or seaweed, threepence supplying a full box with text. Nimble little fingers may cover the boxes themselves. All contributions to be sent to the Hon. Secretary, "Sea-Shell Mission," 24, Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, S.W.

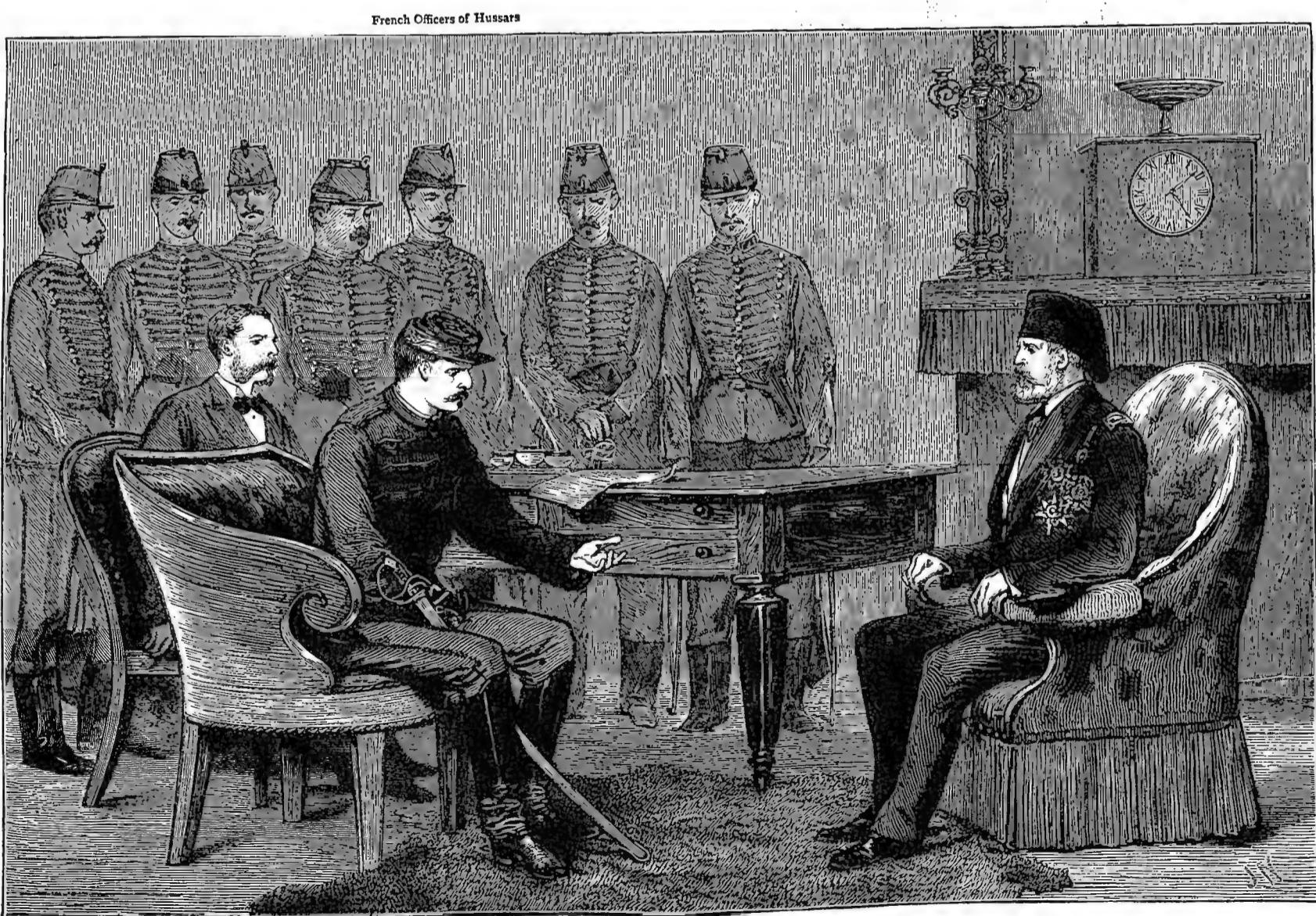
NEW YORK is at length to have an underground railway. The new line, however, will put our own Metropolitan completely in the shade, judging from the long list of improvements projected by our Transatlantic cousins. Forty miles an hour will be the general speed, the huge engines being run by compressed air. The power for the compression of the air will be generated only at the termini, each locomotive laying in its stock at the beginning of the trip, and, as great storage room is thus necessary, the engines will be unusually long. Electric light will be used in the cars, which are to be built on the English model, with the seats from side to side, and there will be practically two classes, two drawing-room cars being attached to each train. To ensure safety the trains—well fitted with hydraulic brakes—will be kept two stations apart, and will run in a double tunnel, so as to avoid collision, the noise of the passing trains being deadened by asphalt laid under the rails. Not the least curious part of the plan are the arrangements for carrying on the building during the busiest part of the year without impeding traffic. In Broadway a certain number of paving-stones will be loosened during the day, and at night they will be removed, the excavations begun, and immediately bridged over by a strong flooring of heavy plank, firm enough to support heavy traffic. Only so much of the street as can be bridged over before the morning will be removed, while when the work is completed the stone pavement will be relaid. As to the sewer, gas, and water pipes met with in the excavations, they will be caught up with large chains, and suspended to the framework of the wooden superstructure, while the tunnel when completed is intended to be far below all such pipes.



RACING IN THE EAST—TURF NOTES AT UMBALLA AND HONG-KONG



THE RECENT RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL—GRAVES ON THE INGOGO HEIGHTS



M. Roustan

General Breart

The Bey

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS—THE BEY SIGNING THE TREATY WITH FRANCE AT THE BARDO PALACE, MAY 12, 1881



FRANCE.—Fresh from his triumphs at Cahors, M. Gambetta comes back to find the Senate unfavourably disposed towards *Scrutin de liste*, and no small chance of strife between the Upper and Lower Houses. Eight of the nine members of the Senatorial Committee appointed to report on the Bill are averse to the measure, and indeed proposed not to discuss the subject at all, but to present their report at once, while at the nomination of this Committee the Opposition showed a large majority. Still the fate of the Bill can by no means be forecast from this circumstance, owing both to the large number of absentees and to the proverbial uncertainty of French politicians, who are apt to change their minds most unexpectedly. It is far more likely that the Senate will introduce considerable alterations, so as in a great measure to change the character of the Bill, rather than reject it altogether. Just now a large majority of the Advanced Radicals in the Chamber are especially bitter against the Senate, and M. Clémenceau on Tuesday took the opportunity of the debate on the proposal to revise the Constitution to vehemently abuse the Upper House, ingeniously bringing up some of M. Gambetta's former remarks in judgment against him. The President of the Chamber prudently swallowed the attack in silence, and after M. Ferry had declared that the present Ministry intended to exist until after the elections, not to influence the country, "but to prepare its moral tone"—a hair-splitting distinction which created much amusement—the proposal was negatived. M. Gambetta spoke strongly against any such revision in one of his Cahors orations, acknowledging that the Constitution was imperfect, but pointing out the grave imprudence of any alteration at the present time. He was equally warm in defence of the Senate, and indeed his speeches throughout the visit were mainly in support of present institutions, the cause of order, and the necessity of peace. Evidently one of the chief objects of his journey was to convert the Department of the Lot—hitherto violently Bonapartist—in view of the coming elections, and he was careful to praise the electors for their past sympathies, while pointing out how opinions ought to change with circumstances. To return, however, to Parliament, there have been two lively debates on Clerical affairs, the Chamber deciding, under M. Ferry's persuasion, to exempt the Seminarists, or ecclesiastical students, from the proposed five years' service—a system which would have been disastrous to the Church—and to permit them to serve one year like the schoolmasters. On the other hand the Government was censured in the Senate for substituting lay nurses for the sisters in the Paris hospitals.

Tunisian affairs have subsided very quietly, and the Treaty was ratified by the Senate with scant protest. Military operations have been completely suspended in Tunis, except that the troops are to be removed from Djedida to Manouba, nearer Tunis, owing to the bad supply of water. The Bey has now gone to his Summer Palace at Goletta, and is much praised for his loyal co-operation with the French authorities, who are planning the repression of smuggling. Probably a large number of the troops will be sent home immediately after garrisoning certain towns. A French correspondent, M. Séguin, has been brutally murdered by an Arab near Beja while waiting in Herat for the train to Tunis. His assassin was shot at once. News from ALGERIA is satisfactory, the insurgent tribes having submitted.

PARIS is beginning to feel the heat, and shows symptoms of the end of the season. Five of the theatres have shut already, most of the others are beginning to follow suit, and the only novelty has been an absurd melodrama, *La Cellule No. 7*, by MM. Zaccione and Henry, at the Nations. The Salon, too, has been closed for three days to rearrange the pictures and decide the prizes. The *medaille d'honneur* for painting has been awarded to M. Baudry.—The French Derby, run on Sunday, created unusually little interest owing to the threatening weather and the mediocrity of the horses. Count Lagrange's Albion was the winner.—Holiday-makers are looking forward to the National Fête of July 14, for which the Government are thoroughly puzzled to find a similar attraction to last year's distribution of colours.—Two anniversaries have been celebrated this week. The Bonapartists attended a funeral Mass at St. Augustin for the Prince Imperial; while the Communists have been commemorating their brethren who fell in the last days of May by a small demonstration at Père Lachaise.—Those Communists who created a disturbance at Marseilles in the cause of the Nihilists, have been tried, Madame Paule Minck, the chief offender, being sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The settlement of the Greek Question is going on remarkably smoothly. Having decided to ratify the Frontier Convention between the Porte and the Powers without referring to the Chamber, the Hellenic Government has authorised M. Condouriotis to sign the pact at once; and further, to immediately draw up a similar Turco-Greek Convention regulating the conditions of the territorial cession. This decision is evidently due to fear of a Government defeat if the Chamber were summoned now; whereas in a few weeks the elections will be held in Thessaly, when the Ministry count on a good number of supporters. The next step will be to appoint an International Military Commission to superintend the evacuation. Public opinion in Athens continues strong against the Convention, but is by no means so loudly expressed as hitherto. Meanwhile the Turks are said to be already evacuating Arta, and withdrawing from the Thessalian frontier, while in their turn the Greeks are ready to take their place at an hour's notice. It is hoped that this portion of the cession will be completed in a fortnight, half of the Turkish troops remaining in the province until the district is entirely handed over, while the remainder will be sent to Tripoli.

The trial of the supposed assassin of Abdul Aziz will be presided over by the present Governor of Broussa, Ahmed Vefik Pasha, known as "the learned hermit." Midhat Pasha has been interrogated by the Sultan himself, who has suddenly become more amiable towards him, removing Midhat to fresh apartments, and sending him presents and his meals. Moreover the native Press have been told to modify their language against the accused.—Much disappointment has been caused in ARMENIA by the Porte's delay in the reforms promised by the Berlin Treaty, and the Armenian Patriarch, who has been striving to aid his oppressed countrymen without success, has presented his resignation to the National Assembly as a last means of persuasion.

The opposition in BULGARIA to Prince Alexander's proceedings is fast increasing. The chief Liberal leaders are stumping the country in support of the present Constitution, while the Prince, owing to the agitation, has given up his provincial tour and returned to Sofia. Apparently he will be supported by the Porte, while Russia seems to heartily approve of the proposed alteration. Five military governors have been appointed in the Principality to prevent officials from taking too busy a part in the elections.

GERMANY.—The vexed subject of Hamburg and the Customs' Union has been temporarily settled by Prince Bismarck and the Hamburg Senators signing the preliminaries of the arrangement, which has now to be ratified by the Hamburg Representative Body before the Reichstag grants the supplies necessary for the enlargement of docks, &c. There was another squabble over the affair in

the Reichstag, where Prince Bismarck's other pet project of the Workman's Assurance Bill is still being discussed. The Chancellor is unable to support it, being ill at home, and not even well enough to receive Mr. Goschen on his way from Constantinople. The Emperor held the usual spring review on the Tempelhof on Monday amidst a brilliant assemblage. The troops were in excellent condition, and Emperor William seemed none the worse after two hours in the saddle under a broiling sun.

RUSSIA.—Although the anti-Jewish riots have in a great measure subsided, thanks to the measures tardily taken by the Government, large numbers of Jews are preparing to emigrate even from the less disturbed districts. The damage done has been enormous, in Kieff alone property has been wrecked to the value of three million roubles, and the Poles are beginning to fear that the persecution of the Jews will merge into a war against landed proprietors in general. As the Nihilists have been widely accused of fomenting the excitement they have issued a firm denial, pointing out that their own ranks are largely recruited from the Jewish population. Further, they again warn the Czar against believing the statements of those surrounding him, as he is too isolated to know the true sentiments of his people. So far as they are moderate-minded Russians are beginning to express their dislike of the Ignatiéff régime, and many absentees who intended to return this summer have changed their plans. It is curious to note the chilly reception given to General Skobeleff on his return to St. Petersburg, where the hitherto popular leader was greeted with no enthusiasm whatever, and so, finding himself unappreciated, speedily went off to a German watering-place. Nevertheless the press are warmly applauding the state of affairs in Central Asia, and the *Vremya* lays especial stress on the value of the annexation of the Tekke Turcoman country in the event of an attack on India. The possession of this new strategical base "must influence the friendly disposition of England. The stronger the position we take up on the road to India, the more conciliatory will be England's policy on the Eastern Question." Already a deputation of Tekke Turcoman chiefs have come to St. Petersburg to take the oath of allegiance, and leave one of their sons at school there. An elder from Merv also accompanies them, and it appears pretty certain that Russia will undertake the protectorate of the Merv Turcomans.

INDIA.—Ayoob and Abdurrahman have already begun hostilities. The Governor of Girishk and a small band of Ayoob's supporters had a brush outside the town, to the discomfiture of the latter, but it is thought that this band was only the advance guard of a larger force who are steadily approaching. Reinforcements were being sent up from Candahar, but nothing is heard of the Ameer's appearance on the scene, while Ayoob himself seems likely to stay in Herat fostering tribal disturbances. The Candahar Governor has written to all the Herat notabilities urging them to support Abdurrahman.

IN INDIA proper peace has been concluded with the Bheels, the Government promising that they shall not be troubled about the census, that their land shall not be measured, and granting a free pardon to the insurgents. Disturbances between the Hindoos and Mahomedans in the Punjab, owing to fanaticism, are greatly feared, and throughout the country general regret has been felt at the death of Mr. W. P. Adam.

UNITED STATES.—The Fortune Bay Fishery dispute has been settled at last after months of negotiations between Secretary Blaine and Sir E. Thornton. Great Britain is to pay an indemnity of 15,000*l.* in gold, the greater part of which will go to fishermen at Gloucester, Massachusetts. This settlement is said to give great satisfaction, and effectually disposes of every subject of dispute involving claims for damages between the two countries.

The Senatorial election, this week, which had been eagerly expected, has as yet produced no result, neither candidate obtaining a sufficient majority. Mr. Conkling, however, found fewer supporters than had been supposed, and it appears most likely that the Administration party will win. There is some talk of organising a third party, with Mr. Conkling as leader. Even this important subject, however, was forgotten on Wednesday, all interest being centred in the success of Iroquois in the Derby, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed in New York on the receipt of the news.—General Grant's Mexican projects are meeting with great success.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Ministerial troubles still distract ITALY. Signor Depretis has duly formed a Cabinet, but two of his Ministers already threaten resignation.—Considerable unpleasantness regarding the position of foreign consuls has arisen in HUNGARY, where M. Tisza has declared that he does not consider them diplomatic representatives.—In CANADA the number of victims caused by the capsizing of the *Victoria* is now found to have amounted to two hundred and forty. Her Majesty has sent a message of condolence to the families of those drowned. Severe shocks of earthquake have occurred at Murray Bay.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Royal Commission at Newcastle has dispersed, the members having gone to Pretoria. A large number of loyalists have appealed to the Commission for compensation for losses incurred during the war. The natives continue to come into frequent collision with the Boers, who have as yet done nothing to bring Captain Elliot's murderers to justice.



THE Queen's Birthday was kept in London with the usual honours, the chief event being the Trooping of the colours at the Horse Guards, when the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught were on the ground, while the Princess of Wales and her children, the Princess Louise, the Duchess of Connaught, and the King of Sweden watched the proceedings from the windows. Afterwards the whole party adjourned to Marlborough House, where they heard the performance of the Guards' bands. In the evening there were the usual official dinners, the Prince of Wales dining with Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Connaught with the Secretary for War, and both Princes subsequently attending the Foreign Office reception. Her Majesty herself celebrated the anniversary by a ball at Balmoral to the tenants and servants on the estate, at which the Queen and the Princesses Beatrice and Victoria and Elizabeth of Hesse and Prince Leopold were present. Her Majesty has received no visitors except Principal Caird, who performed Divine service at Balmoral on Sunday morning before the Queen and the Royal Family, and joined the Royal party at dinner in the evening, and Lord Carlingford, who has arrived as Minister in attendance. Princess Beatrice frequently rides with the Princesses of Hesse. Her Majesty returns to Windsor on the 24th inst.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, at the end of last week, inspected Messrs. Dickinson's picture of the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club and Messrs. Dowdeswell's Fine Art Gallery, while in the evening they went to the *conversazione* at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The King of Sweden dined with them next day, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke of Cambridge also joining the party. Next day the Princess Louise dined at Marlborough House, and afterwards the Prince and Princess called on the Queen of Sweden, who, with the King dined with the Prince and Princess in the evening,

and accompanied them to the performances of the Meiningen company at Drury Lane. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess went to see the King and Queen of Sweden off, and in the evening the Prince dined with the members of the Grenadier Guards' Club. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess, with the Princess Louise and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, went to the Derby, and the Prince afterwards gave a gentlemen's dinner party at Marlborough House, while next evening he presided at the annual dinner of the 10th Hussars, of which he is Colonel. Next Tuesday the Prince goes to Tunbridge Wells during the holding of the Bath and West of England Show, and on Thursday to Yarmouth to inspect the Norfolk Artillery Militia. The second State Ball at Buckingham Palace takes place on June 24, and a concert on June 29. The Prince has become President of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and will lay the foundation-stone of the Central Institution next July.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Saturday visited the Scilly Isles, when the Duke inspected the coastguard stations, and the Duchess landed at St. Mary's, and, escorted by Mr. and Mrs. Dorrien Smith, drove to the chief places of interest. On Monday they reached Penzance and visited St. Michael's Mount, going next day to Falmouth.—The Princess Louise went to the Opera on Saturday night.—Princess Christian on Monday afternoon was present at Mr. Brandram's readings at Arlington House, in aid of Mrs. Vicars' Home, Brighton.—The Duke of Connaught on Saturday opened a new Coffee Tavern in the Buckingham Palace Road, and on Tuesday night accompanied the Duchess to the performance of the German actors. A grand bazaar in aid of the restoration of Bagshot Church will be held in the Duke's grounds next Saturday and Monday, when the chief members of the Royal Family will be present.

The Queen of Sweden joined the King in London on Monday, and their Majesties left for Brussels next day.



The new play entitled *Coralie*, at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, is an adaptation of M. Delpit's *Le Fils de Coralie*, brought out at the Gymnase early last year with some success. The English adaptor has been at some pains to mitigate its repulsive features; but, as commonly happens, he has in so doing weakened the foundations of his story. A more questionable departure from his text is the removal of the *locale* from Montauban to the Isle of Wight, and the consequent attempt to persuade English audiences that M. Delpit's intensely French personages are English folk. It is not easy to discover any sound motive for the propensity which our dramatists display to tamper in this fashion with foreign plays. That English audiences are most disposed to sympathise with the fortunes of an English hero and heroine is no doubt true, but it is certainly only true to a limited extent. Our older dramatists were not altogether ignorant either of their art or of the sympathies and antipathies of their fellow-countrymen, but they seem to have been wholly indifferent upon this point; and even in these times many examples might be cited of original English plays which have proved popular on our stage, though their authors have voluntarily chosen a foreign *locale*. Curiously enough, the very last pieces performed at the St. James's—Mr. Pinero's *Money Spinner* and Lord Lytton's *Lady of Lyons*—are instances of this fact. That Mr. Godfrey has not succeeded in making *Le Fils de Coralie* "a thoroughly English play" is no reproach against him, for he has probably even done as much in that direction as any man could. What we really have to complain of is that he has not exhibited more faith in the power of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare and their excellent company to represent a story of French society in such a way as to excite the imagination and move the feelings of English audiences. As it is, there is a curious air of unreality about the scenes, in one of which a family solicitor, represented by Mr. Hare, cross-examines the parties to a marriage settlement as if he were a private detective paid to unmask a crime, and by offensive insinuations and crafty stratagems actually succeeds in demonstrating that the mother—or rather supposed mother—of the worthy young gentleman who is about to marry his client's daughter is a woman of vile antecedents. The interest and pathos of the play centre in the relations of this woman and her son, who discovers at the same moment the secret of their relationship and of her infamy. To say that this is an immoral story would probably be an exaggeration; but it is assuredly a repulsive one. The mother has repented of her sins, though not it appears sufficiently to renounce her ill-gotten gains; and she is really tenderly devoted to her son. As she comes to be overwhelmed with humiliation before him, and compelled to reject his forgiveness and retire from the scene in which her presence is so untoward, she may perhaps be held to be sufficiently punished; but all this produces, though finely acted by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, a decidedly unpleasant effect. The play certainly suffers nothing from the interpretation which it receives at the hands of either of these excellent performers, or those of Mr. Clayton, Miss Emery, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mr. Wenman, and other members of the company; but *Coralie* is, we fear, not destined to be numbered among the most successful plays produced at this theatre under the new management.

The celebrated company of the Ducal Theatre at Saxe-Meiningen made their first appearance in England at DRURY LANE on Monday evening before a crowded and a brilliant audience, among whom were the King and Queen of Sweden, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and numerous other distinguished personages. The play selected for the occasion was Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, for the representation of which this company have a special renown, chiefly, however, by reason of the combined elaborateness and intelligence of their *mise-en-scène* and stage-management generally than from any very conspicuous power in the actors. On this occasion their numbers had been recruited by the engagement of the very distinguished actor Herr Barnay for the part of Marc Antony, and of the no less celebrated actress Fraulein Haverland for that of Portia; and the selection was justified by the dignity and force of Herr Barnay's impersonation no less than by the tender and noble style of the lady's performance. The finer qualities of acting, however, are necessarily to a great extent lost on so vast a stage; and in truth the enthusiasm with which the performance was received was mainly attributable to the really marvellous realism of the crowded scenes in the Forum, the Capitol, and the battle-field. Except, perhaps, at Ober-Ammergau no troupe has been so successful in the picturesque management of excited mobs. The slaying of Cesar and the wild frenzy of horror and apprehension in which that tragic event is seen to plunge the bystanders were particularly fine. The performance of *Twelfth Night* by the ordinary members of the company on the following evening showed them to be careful and well-trained actors, thoroughly accustomed to perform together under intelligent direction; but if the representations attained no higher level than this it would scarcely have been worth while to bring the company so far.

Mr. Byron's new comedy, entitled *Punch*, at the VAUDEVILLE has unfortunately caused some disappointment. It represents Mr. David James in the character of a *Punch and Judy* showman, who

suddenly discovers in a purse-proud and harsh employer of his daughter his long-lost brother Dick, and turns the tables on him in the midst of his vain-glorious boastings by claiming relationship. This scene being unexpected, and of the nature of a clever *coup de théâtre*, excited genuine applause. Otherwise the piece gave little satisfaction, being deficient both in truth and freshness, and less richly endowed with those witty sallies which have so often rendered this fertile dramatist's productions acceptable, when other qualities have happened to be wanting. Mr. James acts as usual with true humour; and there is an excellent performance by Mr. Farren of the proud but finally humbled brother. The ladies, Miss Bishop and Miss Larkin, are but ill provided for.

The French performances at the GAIETY Theatre will commence on Monday next.—On the same evening, Miss Wallis will commence a series of appearances at the OLYMPIC; and Miss Litton and her company will appear at the COURT Theatre in *The Busybody* in the place of Madame Modjeska and the regular company of the Court. The latter will this evening make their first appearance at the NEW PRINCESS'S in a version of *Frou-Frou*, wherein the lady named will, we need hardly say, impersonate the unhappy heroine.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—The new Court dresses exhibited for the present season are of the most *recherché* description, and the sight of them alone will well repay the trouble of a visit to this popular exhibition. There are also some very superb boudoir dresses on some of the more prominent portrait-models representing distinguished personages. It is needless to say they are the work of the first of the Paris houses.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—That the *Prophète* would be forthcoming early in the season might have been taken for granted. Besides its picturesque music we have gorgeous pageantry to take into account, and how this is managed at Covent Garden need not be told. Then, with a *Fides* like Madame Scalchi, a *John* of Leyden like Señor Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, and a *Bertha* like Madame Valleria, an occasional performance of Meyerbeer's grand spectacular opera is sure to attract. After repeating *Sémiramide*, Madame Patti chose for her second opera *La Traviata*, another work which, thanks to the melody, the tenderness, and the dramatic power of Verdi, has also appealed to us for more than a quarter of a century, losing none of its freshness. But with such a "Lady of the Camellias" as Madame Patti, who has brought her assumption both musically and dramatically to absolute perfection, and never showed this more convincingly than to the audience crowding all parts of the theatre on Saturday night, *La Traviata* can hardly miss a cordial welcome. The remaining characters were sustained by Signors Nicolini and Cotogni (Alfredo and Giorgio Germont). The time-honoured *Barbiere* followed on Monday, as if to give fresh evidence of Madame Patti's versatility. This opera is indeed a healthy and a lively septuagenarian! To be brief, the cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," and the duet with Figaro (Signor Cotogni) in the first act, the bolo from the *Vêpres Siciliennes* and "Home, Sweet Home," in the lesson scene, won for our long-admired Rosina the customary honours. Signors Nicolini (Almaviva), Ciampi (the drest of Bartolos), and De Rezské (a Basilio not to be despised) were also in the cast, Signor Bevignani conducting. *Mignon* came next, with Madame Albani once again as the gently prepossessing representative of Goethe's poetic creation, Madame Trebelli as the gaily impudent *Federica*, Madame Valleria as the supercilious coquette *Filina*, M. Gaillard as the dreary old harper *Lothario*, Signor Ciampi as the imperturbable *Laerte*, and Signor Tecchi as the easily fascinated *Guglielmo*. Though Madame Albani sang "Non conosci quel suolo?" ("Know'st thou the land?") with genuine expression, her most decided vocal successes were achieved in the apostrophe to the swallows ("Leggiadre rondinelle") and the soliloquy, "Conosco un zingarello," both encored, the last (revealing characteristic humour) unanimously. Nothing could be livelier or more natural than Madame Albani's acting in the scenes where *Guglielmo*, in presence of the jealous *Mignon*, pays court to *Filina*, or in that before the mirror, when *Mignon* puts on one of *Filina*'s dresses, making free use of her hated rival's cosmetics, and other artificial extras undisguised by beauty. Last night the opera was to be *Der Freischütz*, for Madame Fursch-Madier; the production of *Il Seraglio* is announced for Thursday next.

HIER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The event since our last has been the return of Madame Christine Nilsson to the scene of her many triumphs. The opera chosen for the *rentrée* of the accomplished Scandinavian was *Faust*. It was as Gounod's *Marguerite* that she won her earliest laurels in this country, and she has worn them ever since with undiminished brightness. Except in the scene of the prison and the death, nothing can be more unlike the Margaret of Boito, and nothing less resembling the Margaret of Goethe than the Margaret of the popular French composer; and it speaks highly in favour of Madame Nilsson's dramatic perception that she not only perceives the difference, but knows how to express it. We have only now, however, to deal with the *Gretchen* who was our old acquaintance before her Italian successor flashed suddenly on the horizon, and took the operatic world by surprise. In this we find, and in fact desire, no change. Scene after scene, as the dramatic action progressed, left the old impression, the last, by reason of its convincing earnestness, being, as ever, the fitting climax. Madame Nilsson's voice was in first-rate condition. Mr. Maas, our young and always advancing tenor, has made himself master of M. Gounod's text, and sings all the music assigned to *Faust* with remarkable ease and grace. When, with experience, he has made himself as familiar with another side of his calling, of significant importance to those who aim at stage distinction, we shall be enabled to judge him still better, through the medium of a performance more evenly balanced. The other parts were allotted to Mdlle. Tremelli, Siebel; Mdlle. Valerga, Martha; Signors Del Puento and Novara, Valentine and Mephistopheles—the last a by no means conventional portrayal of the mocking fiend. Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann made her first appearance in the *Traviata*, and confirmed the good opinion generally pronounced last summer. Wagner's "Flosshilde" is above all an artist; and, if her means be not exceptionally great, she makes the best use of the gifts she possesses, singing and acting with genuine sentiment, enhanced by unquestionable intelligence. Her *Violetta*, in short, is a well-considered, well-studied performance; and if no special feature dazzles by excellence, the whole satisfies by its completeness as well as pleases by its total absence of assumption. The characters of Alfredo and Giorgio were in the safe keeping of Signors Ravelli and Galassi. Madame Nilsson's next opera will be *Mignon*. The *Mefistofele* of Boito, it is hoped, may speedily follow. For to-night we are promised *Il Flauto Magico*, which will put Signor Arditi, the conductor, on his mettle.

WAIFS.—Mr. Carl Rosa's unprecedently long and successful tour in the "provinces" having at last terminated, it is bruited that he has come to terms with Mr. Gye, for a four months' tenancy of Covent Garden Theatre, beginning in the second week of October. The performances are, as usual, to consist exclusively of operas in English, with, if report speaks truly, Madame Albani, who, though French-Canadian, speaks our language fluently, as the "bright

particular star."—Wagner and his family returned to Berlin on the 25th ult., to be present at the fourth and last "cycle" of the *Ring des Nibelungen* performances, which have fully maintained their success.—Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, M. H. Meilhac, the librettist, and M. Albert Wolff, of *Le Figaro*, have combined to place a bronze bust of the late composer Offenbach, with whom they were on terms of intimacy, in the garden of the "Pavillon Henri IV," at St. Germain, a favourite residence during his annual visits to the country.—The Italian operatic season in Vienna closes on the 15th inst.—Although Barcelona has already two operatic theatres, it is about to open another, called the Principe Alfonso. Verdi will go there in the winter, to help in getting up his *Simon Boccanegra*. A statue is to be erected to Mozart in the Liceo.



AN EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION took place in the private chapel of Lambeth Palace on Ascension Day, when the Primate, assisted by several Bishops, consecrated the Rev. George Frederick Hose, Archdeacon of Singapore, to be Bishop of Singapore, Labuan, and Sarawak.

A NEW THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, erected at Ely by Bishop Woodford, was opened on Tuesday. The Bishop of Carlisle preached a sermon, and the Bishop of Lincoln made a speech in which he dwelt on the necessity of making the colleges the fortress of the Church, now that the Universities could no longer be depended upon.

SELWYN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, the first stone of which was laid on Wednesday by Earl Powis, the High Steward of the University, is officially stated to be founded on "the broad and definite basis of the Church of England." Before it can take rank as a "College," it will, of course, be necessary to obtain the consent of Parliament and the University to its proposed charter; but, failing this, it is the intention to carry it on as a hostel. The teaching staff will consist of religious and loyal Churchmen, not necessarily clergymen; and it will be open to lay students as well as to those who intend taking Holy Orders, though special provision will be made for the training of missionaries. The second great aim of the promoters is to place University education within the reach of men who cannot afford to go into residence under the old system. It is hoped that the whole cost of tuition, room-rent, board, and attendance will not exceed 80*l.* per year.

DIVISIONS IN THE CHURCH.—The Bishop of Peterborough, speaking at Leicester the other day, referring to the efforts of the Liberation Society, said that if the Church was to maintain its position, its Bishops and clergy must work harder and better. The divisions within the Church were a great evil, and the money spent in strife during the last thirty years might with much greater advantage have been devoted to spreading the Gospel.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE preached on Sunday last at the last of a series of special Sunday evening services which have been held at the Royal Victoria Music Hall, New Cut, Lambeth, during the last few months, and which have been attended by an aggregate of 20,000 persons, 300 of whom have joined the Church of England Temperance Society.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH of St. Francis, Glasgow, was opened on Wednesday with imposing ceremony, Archbishop Eyre performing Mass, and Cardinal Manning preaching to a congregation of 1,500 laymen and 120 priests.

THE SCOTCH CHURCHES.—The decision of the Free Church Assembly suspending the Rev. Robertson Smith from his professional functions, without however withdrawing his salary, has created great indignation in all parts of Scotland; and there is much talk of secession, and of refusing to contribute to the Sustentation Fund. The Professor's friends, however, have resolved not to secede, but to continue the fight within the Church, satisfied that the ultimate victory will be on their side. It has been noted as a curious fact that the last name in the division lists at the close of the debate was that of "Moses Winning." In the Established Church Assembly the case of the Rev. W. M'Farlane has been much more quietly disposed of; the alleged heretic having explained that the sermon to which exception was taken was preached not in support of, but in reply to, certain special objections that had been urged against the Church belief. He moreover expressed his regret at having unguardedly given any one cause to doubt the soundness of his faith, and promised never to offend in like manner again. On Monday the Established Church Assembly agreed, by 117 votes to 19, to petition against the Parliamentary Oaths Bill. On the same day the Free Church Assembly decided by 137 to 45 to petition Parliament in favour of Disestablishment in Scotland.



WHAT IS "SALVAGE?" is a question which has just been occupying the attention of the Queen's Bench Division, the case being an application made by a "party by the name of Johnson" for a new trial of an action in which he had been non-suited, by the direction of Lord Coleridge. About three years ago, a fire having occurred on the premises of a dealer in feathers, Mr. Johnson bought the salvage for 40*l.*, and it turned out that amongst the boxes which he took away were some containing feathers worth 400*l.* When this became known, the insurance companies took proceedings against him, but the charge was dismissed, and he then brought this action against them for taking the feathers from him and for malicious prosecution. The man placed in possession admitted that he sold "all that was on the feather floor," but it was contended that what he meant was "all the salvage"—i.e., damaged goods—while on the other side the primary meaning of the word salvage—"goods saved"—was referred to, and it was held that the appellant had simply bought on speculation, which had proved to be a lucky one for him. After much learned disputation, and the citation of several cases of a similar curious nature, a rule for a new trial on both questions was granted.

EXTRAORDINARY ALLEGED FRAUDS.—Robert Anderson Rust has been committed for trial on a charge of having obtained money by false pretences from several persons. One person he is said to have induced to become a partner in a firm which he stated was making 20,000*l.* a year profit, but which seems to have had no business whatever; another, who had paid 500*l.* for shares in a company in order to qualify for the post of secretary, discovered, when too late, that the company, instead of being "in full working order," had not yet been floated, though it had been duly registered. It was further stated that the prisoner had been in the habit of answering advertisements for partners, and professing to be able to introduce the advertisers to clients on payment of a certain fee.

A TERRIBLE TRADE OUTRAGE has been frustrated by the Sheffield police, two men having been captured in the act of attempting

to blow up the works of Messrs. Staniforth, sickle grinders, of Hackenthorpe. The miscreants had placed a large stone bottle full of gunpowder in the engine-house, and laid a train across the yard, which they were just about to fire when two constables, who had been watching on the premises for some days, pounced upon them. A third arrest has since been made, the man first taken having confessed that they had been offered 15*l.* to do the job. A portion of the same works was blown up in February last, and the owners had received threatening letters signed "Grinder Joe," they having given offence by the employment of non-Union workmen.

THE USE OF THE BELT as a weapon of offence and defence by quarrelsome soldiers, which was very prevalent some years ago, appears to be coming again into fashion. Two privates of the Grenadier Guards are now in custody, under remand, for having taken part in a serious riot which occurred in Westminster on Friday night last, in which four policemen were badly beaten by a mob of drunken roughs and soldiers, who fought with sticks and belts.

THE LONDON TRAMWAYS COMPANY have been cast in damages to the extent of 1,113*l.*, at the suit of a gentleman whose wife sustained injuries through the overturning of a car, in consequence of a defect in the roadway which was under repair at the time the accident occurred.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS MURDER is reported from Batley, Yorkshire, where, on Monday, the dead body of a gentleman named Critchley was found on the doorstep of a house tenanted by a lady named Wrigglesworth, with whom the deceased was acquainted. It was covered with a sack, the hands and legs being tied, the head battered in, and the body itself mutilated and partially decomposed. Mr. Critchley had not been seen about Batley for more than a month, and Miss Wrigglesworth had not seen him since Christmas.

MESSRS. GOUPIL'S GALLERY

IT is not often that we have an opportunity of seeing such a good representative collection of the French water-colour school as the present exhibition, by members of "La Société des Aquarellistes Français," at Messrs. Goupil's Galleries in Bedford Street.

Our space compels us to briefly mention the names of artists whose work will be doubly interesting at a time when the English Water-colour Societies have also their Galleries open to the public. The pictures by MM. Chevilliard and Ciceri alone bear any resemblance to our own school of painting. The landscapes of the latter artist would seem quite at home if hung on the walls of either of the Pall Mall Exhibitions. M. Lambert has some of his admirable "cat-subjects," and M. de Penne is to the fore with several finished pictures of dogs. Mdlle. Madeleine Lemaire has some large drawings of female figures, in which the contrast between the highly-finished faces and the bold, sketchy backgrounds should be noticed. M. Detaille's unfinished work makes us regret that he has not finished a picture so well commenced. In this "Souvenir of the Manceuvres" the figures of the German officers leave nothing to be desired; their faces, details of uniform, and attitudes are worked up with the greatest accuracy. M. Heilbuth has some bold landscape and figure subjects; M. Vibert a capital sketch, entitled "Rouge et Noir," which, we suppose, is the preliminary sketch for a large picture. MM. Leloir, Linder, and Duez should be mentioned as contributing pretty female figures, and M. Gustave Doré for his seven landscape subjects.



MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.—Part XIII., Vol. 3, of "A Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is the least interesting of the series, although it contains some useful information. Purcell's life and works are ably treated by W. H. Husk, as are "Requiem" and "Responses" by W. Rockstro.

MESSRS. R. COCKS AND CO.—A droll little song of medium compass, written and composed by G. Campbell and A. S. Gatty, is "Tarry, Tarry, Fare Ye Marry;" the advice to bachelors is very good. Brinley Richards has arranged Donizetti's popular "O Santa Melodia" with really playable variations.

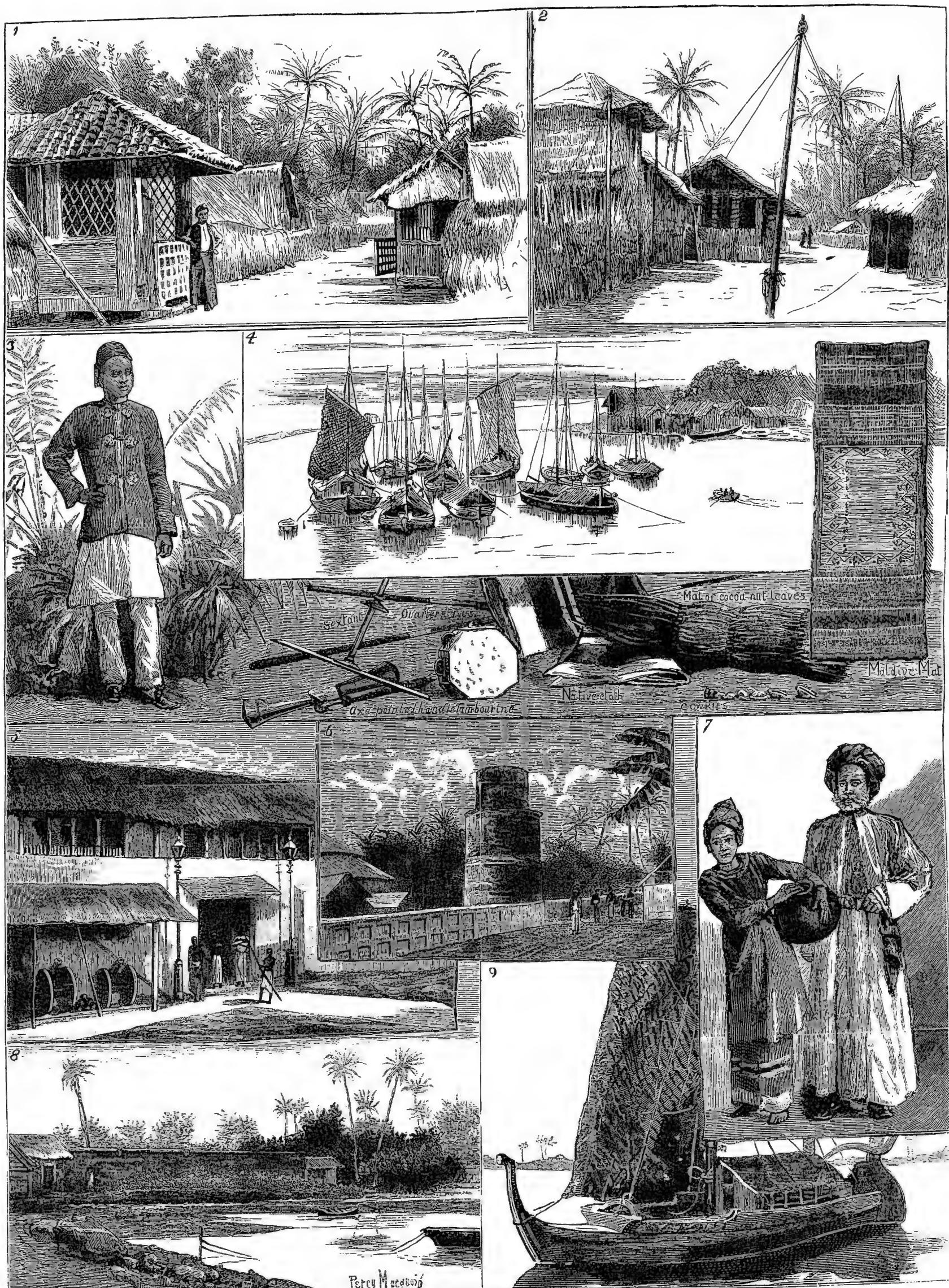
MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—Madame Patey's "Vocal Tutor" is a valuable addition to the musical library of the student. In a short preface the composer states that she has been in the habit of practising these exercises daily: surely this is sufficient to prove their worth.—"After All," written and composed by W. M. Hardinge and Lady Benedict, is a pleasing song for a soldier bidding farewell to his lady love.—Of two songs, music by J. L. Roeckel, "The First, The Last," words by H. Conway is of more ordinary merit. "The Dream of a Violet," words by M. Lemon is of that hackneyed type with the oft-repeated wail, "Only," of which we have already heard too much.—A pretty domestic song is "Auntie," the very thing for an encore, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and A. H. Behrend.—Three pleasing after-dinner pieces for the drawing room are "Danse Hasque," by Edouard Keyloff; "La Mandoline," a minuet for the pianoforte by F. Schiller; and "The Ebbing Tide," a so-called tone picture for the orchestra, transcribed for the pianoforte by J. F. Barnett.—"The Midgets' Polka" by A. W. Nicholson, is tuneful and danceable.—"La Reine du Bal Valse," by Paul de Cernay, is one of the prettiest waltzes of the season.

MESSRS. SWAN AND CO.—Two pretty ballads, music by A. Macbeth, are: "Near Thee, Still Near Thee," the beautiful words by Mrs. Hemans, and "Jeannette," a simple tale of a flower girl, by W. M' Oscar.—By the above-named composer is "Ballet de la Cour," composed for the orchestra, and arranged for the pianoforte, a good school piece.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—Two graceful vocal duets published in two keys, are "Godiam," by L. Denza, and "Canto d'Amore," words by L. Salustri, music by A. Rotoli.—A comic song for the drawing-room, "Canzone della Polenta Malagueña," *canto popolare*, with Spanish and Italian words by Dr. L. Pagans, will, if sung with taste by a tenor, prove a great success.—"Sérénade Espagnole" and "L'Echo," a *galop de concert*, by A. Buhl, are excellent drawing-room pieces of moderate difficulty.

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Worthy of its gifted composer, Sir Julius Benedict, is "Never, O Love, Till for Ever," a charming love song, poetry by Louisa Gray; it is published in two keys.—Of the same type, but not so clever, is "Sympathy," written and composed by H. Carrington and A. Blume.—A thrilling tale of shipwreck with a happy ending is told with spirit by John Stewart in "The Good Ship Rover," the appropriate music for which is by J. L. Hatton.—"Second Air with Variations" for the pianoforte by H. C. Banister is highly to be recommended.—H. Eishold has arranged for the pianoforte with taste and skill "Minuet" from Schubert's Sonata for pianoforte and violin (Op. 137—No. 2).

MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.—A cheerful nautical song, fitted by its brevity for an encore response, is "Sing Ho! For the Lass I Love," written and composed by M. S. Dunn and W. G. Wood.—Both words by Mary M. Lemon and music by W. T. Bishop of "The Little Musician" are very pathetic: they tell of a child violinist who dies of starvation.—A pleasing melody, neatly arranged for pianoforte and violin is "Air de Ballet" by M. Schroeter.



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DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

Presently I came to the table at which he was sitting. I brushed away the dust with great care, and, in so doing, I saw that he had a letter before him.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW KITTY WENT TO LONDON

OPPRESSED with this determination, which left no room for any other thought, I urged upon Mrs. Esther the necessity of going to London at once, as we had resolved to do before the accident. I pointed out to her that, after the dreadful calamity which had befallen us—for which most certainly no one could blame us—we could take no more pleasure in the gaieties of Epsom; that we could enjoy no longer the light talk, the music, and the dancing; that the shadow of Death had fallen over the place, so far as we were concerned; that we could not laugh while Nancy was weeping; and that—in short, my lord was in London, and I must needs go too.

"There are a hundred good reasons," said Mrs. Esther, "why we should go away at once; and you have named the very best of all. But, dear child, I would not seem to be pursuing his lordship."

"Indeed," I replied, "there will be no pursuing of him. Oh, dear madam, I should be—and here I burst into tears—"the happiest of women if I were not the most anxious."

She thought I meant that I was anxious about Will's recovery; but this was no longer the foremost thing in my thoughts, much as I hoped that he would get better—which seemed now hopeless.

"Let us go, dear madam, and at once. Let us leave this place, which will always be remembered by me as the scene of so much delight as well as so much pain. I must see my lord as soon as I can. For oh! there are obstacles in the way which I must try to remove, or be a wretched woman for ever."

"Child," said Mrs. Esther, severely, "we must not stake all our happiness on one thing."

"But I 'have so staked it," I replied. "Dear madam, you do not understand. If I get not Lord Chudleigh for my husband I will never have any man. If I cannot be his slave, then will I be no man's queen. For oh! I love the ground he walks upon, the place where he lodges is my palace, his kind looks are my paradise; I want no heaven unless I can hold his hand in mine."

I refrain from setting down all I said, because I think I was like a mad thing, having in my mind at once my overweening love, my repentance and shame, and my terror in thinking of what my lord would say when he heard the truth.

Had my case been that of more happy women, who have nothing to conceal or to confess, such a fit of passion would have been

without excuse, but I set it down here, though with some shame, yet no self-reproach, because the events of the last day or two had been more than I could bear, and I must needs weep and cry, even though my tears and lamentations went to the heart of my gentle lady, who could not bear to see me suffer. For consider, the son of my kindest friends, to be lying, like to die, run through the body by my lover: I could not be suffered to see his mother, who had

been almost my own mother: I could never more bear to meet my

pretty Nancy without thinking how, unwittingly, I had enchanted

this poor boy, and so lured him to his death: that merry, saucy girl

would be merry no more: all our ways of kindly mirth and innocent

happiness were gone, never to return; even if Will recovered, how

could there, any more, be friendship between him and me? For the

memory of his villainous attempt could never be effaced. There are some things which we forgive, because we forget: but this thing, though I might forgive, none of us would ever forget. And at the back of all this trouble was my secret, which I was now, in some words, I knew not what, to confess to my lord.

Poor Mrs. Esther gave way to all I wanted. She would leave Epsom on Monday: indeed, her boxes should be packed in a couple of hours. She kissed and soothed me, while I wept and exclaimed, in terms which she could not understand, upon woman's perfidy and men's fond trust. When I was recovered from this fit, which surely deserved no other name, in which passion got the better of reason, and reason and modesty were abandoned for the time (if Solomon Stallabras had seen me then, how would he have been ashamed for his blind infatuation!) we were able calmly to begin our preparation.

First we told Cicely to go order us a post-chaise for Monday morning, for we must go to London without delay; then I folded and packed away Mrs. Esther's things, and laid her down to rest awhile, for her spirits had been greatly agitated by my unreasonable behaviour. Then Cicely came to my room to help me, and presently I saw her tears falling upon the linen which she folded and laid in the trunk.

"Foolish Cicely!" I said, thinking of my own foolishness, "why do you cry?"

"Oh, Miss Kitty," she sobbed, "who would not cry to see you going away, never to come back again? For I know you never, never could come here any more after that dreadful carrying away,

(Continued on page 562)

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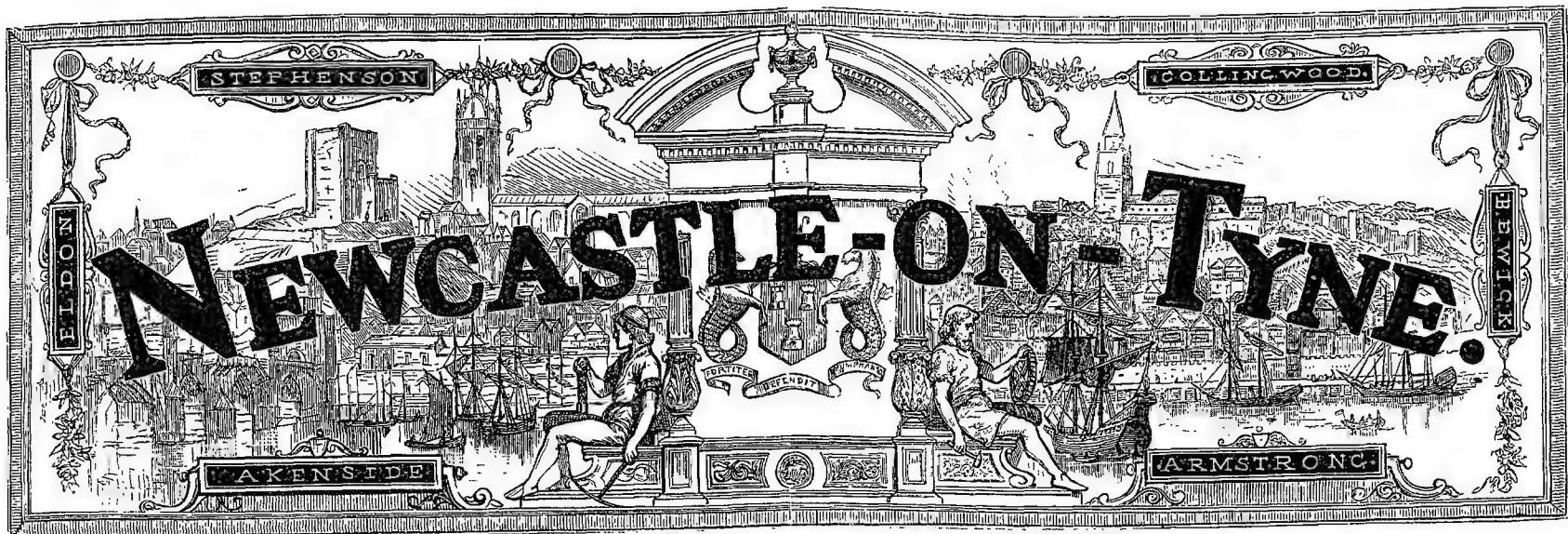
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ROBERT STEPHENSON
Born 1803; Died 1859

THE traveller who sweeps through Newcastle-on-Tyne on his way to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" carries with him a recollection of old and tumble-down houses, blackened walls, a dingy river, a muggy atmosphere. Out of these uncheerful elements he forms his mental picture of a town which its inhabitants are wont to call "canny," and which has no less interest for the artist than for the historian or the antiquary. Henceforth Newcastle is to him another Sheffield, and to hear its name is to think of dirt and smoke and tall chimneys. The fact is that "the Metropolis of the North" is Janus-faced, and always presents the least pleasant of its countenances to the stranger. From whatever direction Newcastle is approached by rail the first glimpse of it is equally unpleasing. If the traveller comes from "Merrie Carlisle" he seems to be suddenly plunged into a region of brick-ovens, gas-works, and red-lead factories. If he is journeying from Edinburgh to the South he looks out on a dreary wilderness of brown-tiled roofs and higgledy-piggledy streets and "charles." From the High Level Bridge, over which the Cockney tourist must pass in his journey to the North, the prospect is redeemed only by the river. Even this sometimes looks dismal enough from a height, but if seen on a moonlight night, or when its ripples are reflecting the glory of sunset, it becomes as splendid and impressive as a river in a dream. Travellers invariably speak of a place as they have seen it; and chiefly by casual glimpses of its ugliness is the ancient town of Newcastle-on-Tyne represented to the imagination of those thousands



GEORGE STEPHENSON
Born 1781; Died 1848



GREY STREET

of railwayfarers who are continually streaming through on their way to one or the other extremity of the kingdom. It has thus gained a reputation for which it by no means feels thankful. When one of the comic papers caricatured a picture of Newcastle it exhibited a prospect of tall chimneys and blackened factories looming dimly through volumes of smoke. As a matter of fact, the "canny toon" is not at all remarkable for tall chimneys, nor is it particularly smoky. A Newcastle man would shudder at his first sight of Sheffield, and such a place as Bilston, in the Black Country, would produce in him feelings of intense amazement and disgust. He has lived among noble streets, in a town surrounded by the broad open country, and with the sea only a few miles away. Here, no less than at Edinburgh, there is a "New" and an "Old Town." Old Newcastle is sufficiently dingy, and yet is by no means ugly to one who knows it well. It is to be found behind the new buildings on the Quay side; at Pandon, once the seat of Saxon royalty; and in the neighbourhood of the Norman keep, which the traveller to Scotland may almost touch with his fingers if he puts his hand out of the carriage window. Much of Old Newcastle is Elizabethan in construction; some of it belongs to the period of Queen Anne, still more to the time of the first Georges. Most of these older houses are inhabited by the poorer people; and some of the steep, narrow streets where the local aristocracy once lived have become mere rookeries.

All Saints' Church, built at no distant date for worshippers of the better sort, is now surrounded by a seething population which might do no discredit to St. Giles's. These people live chiefly in "tenements," that is, they rent one or two rooms in a big house which may once have been inhabited by a noble family. One who does not fear to trust himself amongst them may wander up a dim passage to presently find himself in a house with carved balustrades and oak wainscoting. Not many years ago a man lived, with fourteen children, in a single room in a house which had once been the residence of Lord Eldon. Medical officers and sanitary inspectors are more careful about these things now; but old Newcastle is by no means a savoury place, even in these days of Artisans' Dwellings Acts and sanitary improvement. Nevertheless the stranger is not at all liable to get into these regions. He might live here for months without suspecting their existence.

The centre of modern Newcastle is occupied by the massive streets built by Richard Grainger. The town stretches away for about a couple of miles to east and west. At the north end the advance of the builder is peremptorily stayed by the Town Moor, on which the freemen will allow no encroachments, and which is a broad, bare expanse, lying in the narrowest part of all England, and blown over by the winds of two seas. The great manufactories lie for the most part along the river side, and at some distance from the centre of the town. All the disparaging things that are said of Newcastle generally are exactly applicable to these. They are ugly and grimy beyond the power of man to conceive; but they have made the wealth and the great reputation of one of the richest and busiest trade and manufacturing centres in England.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

A STRANGER to Newcastle, if he walked about much, could not help feeling that he was in a town with a history. Even fifty years of change, of improvement, of destruction of what is old and extension of what is new, cannot wholly obliterate the traces of the past, especially in a place where the past had left so many memorials. At least many of the old names will remain. Here, in what was once Monkchester, we have such places as Nun Street and Nun's Lane. The Nun's Gate has disappeared, and the Nun's Field has been built over by Richard Grainger. The Nunnery of St. Bartholomew, in which the mother and sister of Edgar Atheling are said, on somewhat doubtful authority, to have taken the veil, is quite gone; but we still have the house of the Dominican, or Black Friars, in which Edward Baliol did homage for the Scottish Crown. When Harry the Eighth made a raid on the monasteries, the Friars were found to have a revenue of 2*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* a year, so that the favourites of the six-times wedded King would not be much the richer for the suppression of the house. The monastery of the Grey Friars, or Minors, of which Duns Scotus, otherwise John Scott,

as a refuge for persons afflicted with leprosy. When that terrible disease had been banished from England, the hospital was used "for the comfort and help of poor folks that chanceth to fall sick in the time of pestilence." It is now a refuge of the poor and aged, and is not less beneficial in the nineteenth century than it was some four or five centuries earlier.

Mr. Carlyle devotes much of his famous essay on "Characteristics" to illustrations of the proverb which says that the man who is well never knows of his own health. It is no less true that a town which is rich in antiquities never knows of its own wealth. The people of Newcastle have been most Gothic in their destruction of ancient monuments. The latest instance was the demolition of the Carliol, or Weavers', Tower. It anciently stood at one of the corners of the Town Wall, and is supposed to have been built in the reign of Edward III. The Carliols were a family of merchants who fill a very considerable space in the early history of Newcastle. They were Mayors and Sheriffs, and, if I am not mistaken, Members of Parliament, for generation after generation. In Edward's reign the head of the family was carried off by marauding Scots, and he had to pay so considerable a ransom, and so little relished his experiences on the other side of the Border, that he began to stir up the citizens to build a new wall around the town. As example is better than

erected, and one can now walk along a passage which is perhaps wide enough for two persons if they go arm in arm, but which narrows upward until the tops of the buildings on either side almost shut out the light.

The walls which once surrounded the town had watch towers, at a few hundred yards' distance from each other, all around them. These were defended by the various trade companies; and a few of them still remain. The best preserved of all was the Weavers' Tower, just removed for the new Free Library. One still finer was the "Pink Lane Tower," taken down some years ago to make room for a single corner of a Presbyterian church. The Neville Tower, which has still a piece of the wall attached, stands opposite the Central Station, but has been so altered as to have lost almost all its old character. The finest of these buildings still remaining is the Heber Tower in the West Walls. The walls themselves are at this point in tolerably good preservation, though a new street has just been driven through them in their finest part.

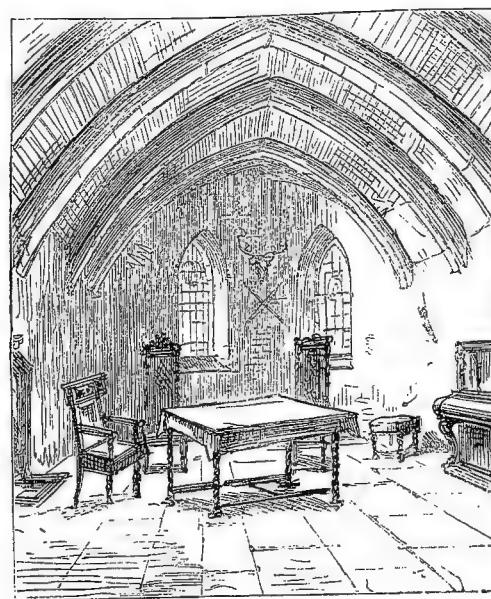
A stranger might easily miss this splendid relic of Old Newcastle, so retired is it from the nearest thoroughfares. The West Walls run from the site of the Westgate—the last of the town gates to be removed—to St. Andrew's Church, before reaching which point, however, they are again intersected by a street. Although many of the large stones of which they were built have fallen or have been removed from the top, the walls are still of considerable height, and are almost as durable in appearance as when they were first built. That they have stood so long is more by accident than in consequence of any desire to preserve them. So far they have interfered with no plans of "improvement." The builder stopped short on their inner side, and then began again some distance further on. The interspace is occupied by the pleasant grounds of the Newcastle Bowling Club, which are shut in by the West Walls on one side, and by the spacious Science and Art Schools, built through the instrumentality of Dr. Rutherford, on the other.

As a little more interest in local antiquities has sprung up of late years—perhaps because they are so rapidly disappearing—it is probable that there will be a very hard struggle before the stones of the Old Wall are used to build modern houses. They say here, though, that if the authorities thought proper to destroy the Castle or the Black Gate, they would let neither sentiment nor protestation stand in the way of their purpose.

THE TYNE

NEWCASTLE, anciently known as *Pons Elii*, because Hadrian, its founder, was of the *Ælian* family, is very appropriately called "upon Tyne." It owes everything to the river—its foundation, its growth, its singular combination of great industries, its ancient fame, and its present wealth. Originally, no doubt, the Tyne was a narrow creek, enclosed on either side by forests. The early Saxons went further North to Bamborough, the capital of King Ida, and have left no memorials in Newcastle. Their chief settlement on the Tyne was at Jarrow. The Danes, more adventurous, appear to have sailed further up the river, turned up a little stream that originally flowed into the Tyne not far from the site of the High Level Bridge, and settled among the wooded banks now covered by the crowded and unsightly district of Pandon. A strong Danish element may easily be traced in the river population, and even in the dialect. Many of the Shields pilots still bear traces of their descent in the yellow hair and the fresh open faces of the Vikings. That Jarrow, three to four miles away on the Durham side, was famous enough in the Saxon times, does not need to be related now. Here are still many memorials of the Venerable Bede and his monastery, once the most famous in all Saxondom. In Bede's time the harbour at Jarrow was able to contain all the ships of the Royal Navy. Small as they must have been, they would have no little trouble in getting over "the bar," where, even within living memory, the river was so shallow that a man could wade across at low water if he clung to the stern of a boat so as to resist the force of the tide. From time immemorial, or, at any rate, from the longest reach of legal memory, which is defined to be the return of Richard the Crusader from the Holy Land, the Corporation of Newcastle has claimed property in the bed of the river, and miserably it mismanaged it until thirty years ago. The Tyne Commission is in existence now, and the Corporation only asserts its old claims once in five years, when, on what is known as "Barge Day," the Mayor and Corporate body traverse the river from Sparrow Hawk to Hedwin Stream, a distance of about eighteen miles. The Newcastle Corporation used to be the most tyrannical body of monopolists in the kingdom. It only allowed certain persons to trade in the town. It objected to the building of Shields because towns were being made "where no towns ought to be." Even still it derives revenue from a "thorough toll," none but freemen being allowed to send goods in or out of the town without paying a tollage on each load. The North-Eastern Railway Company compounds for its traffic over the High Level Bridge by paying several thousands a year; and the keeper of a donkey cannot bring his animal's straw bedding from Gateshead without paying such a toll upon it as may amount to perhaps one-third or one-half of its value.

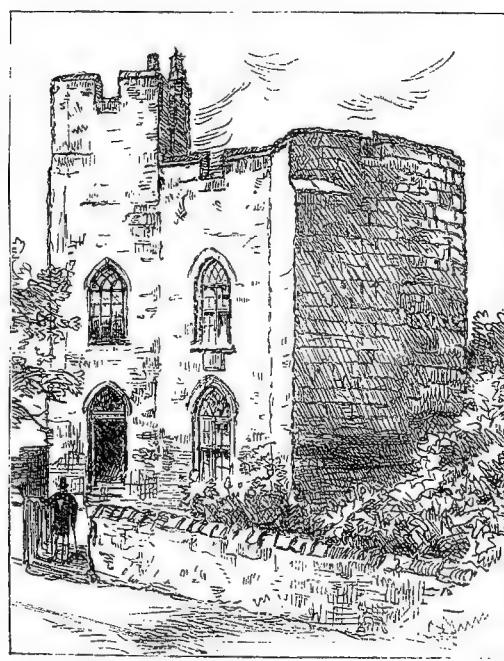
There is scarcely any record of the Corporation having ever done anything to improve the river so long as it was really under its control. It did, however, do all that was possible to keep trade away by its heavy and various dues. In 1794 a certain Captain Phipps declared the Tyne to be capable of becoming one of the finest rivers in the world, but concluded by calling it "a cursed horse-pond." In 1813 the average depth of water on the bar at Tynemouth was six feet. A vessel drawing nine feet of water foundered at Newcastle Quay. Accidents of this nature should have led to rapid change, but did not. Things rather went from bad to worse. Some of the citizens were almost astonished out of their wits at Rennie's proposal to abstract one-third from the bed of the river. They very much preferred to let the river look after itself. In 1860 it was at its very worst for trading purposes. Vessels were detained for weeks after loading, unable to get to sea at high water. Others thumped and grounded on the bar. Three American vessels lay aground at one time. But from this period dated a great change. There had been a long struggle for river improvement. The battle raged through the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons, and the result was the passing of the Tyne Improvement Act and the formation of the River Tyne Commission. This body was presided over



INTERIOR OF THE CARLIOL TOWER

precept, Carliol built a considerable portion of it at his own expense, and it is conjectured—for local history is very vague on these points—that he began with the Carliol Tower. The staunch old building has stood many an assault in its time. A fierce fight raged round it at the last siege of Newcastle, and the invaders made their way into the town through a breach in the wall close to this tower, which same breach, moreover, was so staunchly defended that the attacking party had to fight their way over the heaped-up bodies of slain citizens. The tower is gone now. Many of the townspeople tried to save it by means of petitions, public meetings, and otherwise; but the Town Council determined to have its own way, and so a splendid new Free Library is now being built on the site of this old relic of a famous family.

In spite of such things, it will take many years yet—many centuries, mayhap—to destroy all traces of the old landmarks. The new "Swing Bridge," a ponderous iron structure capable of admitting the largest ships, is built on the very site of the Bridge of Hadrian. Its predecessor, which was removed only a few years ago, rested on the oak foundations which had been laid by Roman soldiers before the building of the great wall. Blackened oak from "Hadrian's Bridge" may now be met with in the library of every local antiquary. A carved book-case consisting of this material was recently presented to Dr. Bruce, whose vast knowledge of Roman antiquities lent a peculiar appropriateness to the gift. There has been a whole succession of bridges over the Tyne at the point where the Swing Bridge now stands. One of these, of which a picture still exists, was loaded on each side with Elizabethan houses. It was broken in two by a great flood in 1772. It was to this flood that a local witness referred when he succeeded in puzzling the counsel. "What's your name?" inquired Serjeant Buzfuz. "Adam, sor; Adam Thomson, sor," replied the witness. "Where do you live?" said Buzfuz. "At Paradise, sor." "Oh, indeed," said the facetious gentleman of the wig; "and how long may you have lived in Paradise?" "Ivvor since the flood, sor," replied the witness, amidst the laughter of the Court. The Quayside, of which I shall have more to say anon, was denuded of almost all its picturesqueness at the time of "the Great Fire." It was lined with Tudor houses, the homes, and afterwards the offices, of the Merchant Adventurers of Tyneside. The fire originated in an explosion at Gateshead, on the opposite side of the river, almost exactly at the spot from which our artist has made his sketch of Newcastle. Some burning embers were wafted across the river into the decaying rafters of the old houses on the Quay, and there occurred such a conflagration as is vividly remembered by old inhabitants of Newcastle to this day. Whole blocks of buildings were burned down, and one of the most interesting portions of old Newcastle was replaced by palatial offices which make the "Rialto" of the Tyne one of the most imposing Quaysides in England. "The fire on the Quay" has furnished a theme to many a local songster. Ned Corvan, whose "patter" was the delight of music-halls and public-houses some twenty or thirty years ago, used to give an account of it after what he called "the style of the 'Deeth o' Nelson.'" The manner was rough and the lines would scarcely scan, but there was some vividness in the description, though, like a great deal of "local poetry," Ned's broad vernacular would scarcely bear quotation. The traces of the fire are still to be seen on the Quayside. A few old houses that were spared are sandwiched in between the tall and ambitious offices which have taken the place of the buildings that were burned down. One or two ancient footways, originally "chares," had to be preserved when these places were



THE CARLIOL TOWER ON THE TOWN WALL (RECENTLY PULLED DOWN)

otherwise "Doctor Subtilis," was a member, has long since become a thing of the past; but one may trace the footmarks of the monks in the many hospitals that still remain, now the heirlooms of the freemen. One of these—that of St. Mary Magdalene—was founded

THE GRAPHIC

by the late Sir Joseph, then Mr. Cowen, and it represented all the commercial as well as corporate bodies on the Tyne. Little time was lost in seeking for means of improvement, and the Commission had the good fortune to secure the services of Mr. John Ure, who had presented very elaborate plans of river improvement in 1859. Under Mr. Ure's superintendence the Tyne was transformed from a great ditch into the noble river Captain Phipps said it might have been made a century earlier. The largest class of vessels used in the Tyne in 1860, when the Commission commenced its work, were of about 400 tons register. Mr. Ure introduced a number of huge dredgers, which scooped away the sandbanks at a marvellous rate. The bar practically disappeared before them. Sand banks of sixty-five acres in area were removed from the river itself, and deep water made in their place. The banks were widened; a huge jutting point was swept away; docks were made; some miles above Newcastle the river was turned into a new bed; and great stone piers have been constructed at the mouth, with the result of making the harbour the finest and safest on the North-East coast. The quantity of tidal water entering the river at spring tides has been increased by 14,000,000 cubic yards. The depth of water on the bar is now 22 feet at low water and 37 feet at high water in spring tides. The sailing channel past Newcastle Quay is from 20 to 25 feet at low, and from 35 to 40 at high water. A vessel lying alongside the Quay may have from 25 to 35 feet draught. These alterations, made in so short a period, are almost incredible, and the labour and energy expended upon them have been quite heroic. The consequences to the Tyne itself have been of the highest moment. With regard to ship-building the Tyne now ranks first amongst our rivers for number and aggregate tonnage of steam vessels, and second if steam and sailing vessels are reckoned together. Its shipments of coal are larger than those of any other river in the kingdom. Its salmon fishery has been vastly improved by the alterations, instead of being destroyed, as was anticipated; and the Tyne yields even more salmon than the Tweed. Its twenty years' work has cost the Tyne Commission immense sums of money, but has produced such advantages to the trade of Newcastle and other places on Tyneside as even the most enthusiastic advocate of river improvement could not have anticipated when the Tyne Improvement Act was passed.

THE QUAYSIDE

OF late years the Quayside has put on a grand appearance. It was helped thereto by the great fire of which I have already spoken. Its offices and warehouses are palatial. Perhaps the splendid character of the new buildings on the Quay is partly accounted for by the fact that the price of land made it necessary to build very big offices on very small pieces of ground. At any rate, the height of many of the buildings is somewhat out of proportion to their breadth, and one or two of the taller ones are so attenuated as to suggest that at some early period of their existence they were cut into halves. The continuity of this range of business palaces is frequently broken and intersected by "chares," i.e., dark, narrow lanes, with great warehouses on either side, and here and there a top-heavy Tudor building sandwiched in between. The "chares" for the most part converge into the unsavoury district of Pandon, where miserable grog-shops alternate with more miserable dwelling-houses, where the crimp and the card-sharper decoy their victims from the Quayside, and where there are lodging-houses, "licensed for thirty persons," or more, for the convenience of those whom the crimps or the card-sharpers have "cleaned out." Card-sharpening, I may observe, is an art which is pursued with considerable devotion on Tyneside. Certain modest gentlemen, not unknown to the police, spend their days in looking out for unwary ship-captains, or for sailors whose bearing betokens a recent advance. "First catch your hare." When these clever gentlemen have caught their ship-captain, they strike up a sudden friendship, adjourn to a public-house, and before long contrive to persuade their victim that luck is considerably against him.

Sometimes the scene of their operations is changed to the Central Station, where, their captain once in sight, they take tickets for Shields. Not long ago one of these acute persons was found lying beside the railway, having been tossed out of a carriage window by three or four irate sailors whom he had attempted to swindle.

A few years ago Newcastle Quay was a dismal ruin. The tall stone buildings of which I have just spoken were more than its fragile strength would bear, and so, a piece at a time, it slid quietly into the river. The building of a new Quay was for some time a bone of contention between the public bodies and the public. Its cost was enormous, and rival engineers were continually producing new plans designed to limit the expense, always with the result of stirring up new broils and engendering fresh attacks on the Corporation or the Commission. At length, however, the Quay was completed, and is now one of the finest structures of that kind in the kingdom. To massive strength, and to a width almost as great as that of the Thames Embankment, it adds the further recommendation of artistic interest.

Standing on the spot from whence our artist has sketched it, with its fine buildings on the right, the Quay wall and the river full of craft before you, the Swing and the High Level Bridges in the middle distance, it makes almost as fine a picture as one would wish to see.

In the morning the Quayside is a busy place. Merchants, ship-brokers, clerks, and loungers are standing about in groups before the doors of their offices. They are full of work, no doubt, but they take things calmly. Half of their life seems to be spent out of doors. For half an hour at midday they are locked in the Exchange, where they go to "the coal hole," or join "the corn ring," or take their stations beside certain pillars which they regard as their own proper location. The whole of their business seems to consist in friendly chat. The uninitiated stranger might suppose that 'Change was merely a lounge to which the merchants of our Rialto retired during the hottest half hour of the day. Nevertheless, some big transactions take place there, and I should not advise the untrained but adventurous capitalist to speculate deeply under the impression that he is about to take "a rise" out of these mercantile loungers. As they say here, "There isn't much that a Quayside man doesn't know." Occasionally some outsider, intoxicated by dreams of sudden wealth, does make his appearance among the ordinary *habitués* of 'Change, and is usually indicated by a wary smile and a sly shake of the head—movements which are supposed to convey

the impression that he is likely to make acquaintance with a new reading of the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb.

Some daring but unaccustomed speculators were bitten rather savagely during the late excitement about iron. Just at that time several new faces made their appearance on 'Change, and I knew the editor of a newspaper who held as much "pig" as was calculated to make his fortune. It may be adopted as an axiom in such matters that it is unsafe to speculate unless you know. A man who has made money in drapery goods should beware how he rushes into coals. Soap-boiling is not necessarily the best training for speculations in iron. It is far safer to "know the ropes," as the Quaysiders do, that being the chief part of their business in this world.

The stroller along the Quay on Sunday morning will meet droves of foreign cattle, and, occasionally, batches of Swedish emigrants, much burdened with luggage, and given to the smoking of eccentric pipes. They—that is, the pipes, the cattle, and the emigrants—come over together, and it generally happens that they are landed on Sunday morning, why, I should find myself at a loss to explain. But there they are, "wending their way," as the good old phrase has it, amongst the apple stalls which are always pitched here on Sundays, and upsetting the three-legged stool of the man who is endeavouring to vend Turkey rhubarb as a miraculous root which has lately been discovered in "the East and West Indies."

The population of Sandgate, which is just round the corner, has turned out to sun itself, and to prove to a curious world that there is still a class of people which can be legitimately described as "the unwashed." In Sandgate lives, besides a considerable portion of the rapscalliondom of the town, the hitherto indispensable "porter-pokeman," elsewhere called a dock porter, but here inseparably connected with "pokes," or bags. The porter-pokeman's means of existence are rapidly ebbing away. He is following the keel-men, whom every year discovers to have become more scarce. A couple of hundred yards away stands a huge grain warehouse, recently erected at a cost of about a quarter of a million of money. Stretching from the warehouse across the roadway are a couple of great gangways, resting on what appear to be square pillars, but which are really "elevators" capable of exhausting a steamship of its load of grain in "next to no time." This speed in unloading, and the quick despatch of vessels which is the consequence, have sealed the porter-pokeman's fate, and his readiest resource now is to enrol himself as a labourer in the vast granary which has played such havoc with his occupation.

Machinery has of late years worked great revolutions on the Quay. Huge steamships may now be seen lying alongside the Quay wall, taking their machinery on board from the hundred-ton hydraulic crane. At no great distance away is another crane capable of lifting sixty tons. When a similar engine was erected at Liverpool by Sir William Armstrong a well-known engineer named Hartley refused to believe in its powers. He was converted, however, by an astute Tynesider who was known as "Hydraulic Jack." "You have got a queer machine, where are the wheels?" said the engineer. "There are none," said Jack. "What makes it move, then?" "Water." "Do you ever let a hogshead fall?" "Oh, yes," said Jack, "but aw picks it up before it touches the ground. What will ye stand if aw show you?" What Mr. Hartley stood one can only conjecture, but Jack, who had complete control over his crane, ran up a hogshead to the highest point, let it down with a rush, and then so dexterously checked the speed of the crane that the hogshead stopped at barely an inch from the ground.

THE SANDHILL

TIME was when the Sandhill was even of more importance than the Quay. It was the chief mart, the centre of all traffic, the scene of all great public rejoicings, the home of many of those "merchant adventurers" who laid the foundations of our trade. *O tempora, O mores!* How it has fallen from its ancient glory! Not since the "young Adonis of fifty" was crowned has the Sandhill been the scene of a popular *fête*. Then, indeed, it was a place of wild rejoicing. The Sandhill "Pant," which has since been removed, is said to have run beer for the occasion. A half-mad and delighted populace surged round in a furious sort of merry-making, and the night closed on a wild orgie, the memory of which still remains.

Many memories, indeed, cling around the Sandhill; but before I recall any of them let me describe the place as it is now. In more fashionable towns it would probably be called "a square," because as nearly as possible it approaches to the shape of a triangle. A sort of market-place still, it is partly occupied by apple-women on weekdays, and wholly by mob-orators and their hearers on Sundays. Behind two rollies which perennially keep their station, and which are claimed as the exclusive property of the mob orators aforesaid, stands the great, many-windowed house which was once occupied by Aubone Surtees, banker. The stranger, who must perchance look on the quaint old building with interest, would probably conclude either that it had been transported from Amsterdam or that its architect was a Dutchman. A many-storied house, with large rooms and low ceilings, it has windows from end to end, storey above storey, all of them quaintly corniced, and only divided from each other by narrow little pillars of fluted wood. Here, one morning, came Jack Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, and carried off the daughter of Aubone Surtees, a banker who was "both rich and proud." It was a runaway match, and Miss Surtees, who had the advantage of being a slim lady, squeezed herself through a narrow casement, descended a rope ladder, and rushed into the arms of her adventurous lover. It was one of the few elopements which have turned out well, and Lord Eldon used to date his success in life from the morning when he ran away with pretty Bessy Surtees. The house has now fallen from its high estate. It contains a row of shops on the basement, some cheap dining-rooms above, and a dingy set of offices in the upper storeys.

On the opposite side of the Sandhill stands the Exchange and Guildhall, the merchants of the Quayside and the Corporation dividing one building between them. Here, in Assize time, come the Judges, riding in gilded carriages, driven by resplendent coachmen in powdered wigs, and preceded by trumpeters, the blare of whose instruments is a source of unlimited amusement to small boys. Here the judges come, I said; but they decline to sit here and dispense justice, for the Guildhall Court is small and stuffy, and is now only used for Town's Meetings, for such one-horse affairs as

Board of Trade inquiries, and for the mere formal "opening" of the Assizes for "the Town and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." Originally the Guildhall was an hospital, known by the sacred title of *La Maison de Dieu*. Diverted from its older uses it became a place of meeting and of business for "the Honourable Company of Merchant Adventurers." Not the present Guildhall, however, but another building which occupied its site. The Guildhall of to-day was erected by Robert Trollop, concerning whom there was written one of the very happiest of epigrammatic epitaphs. Thus it ran:—

Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made the stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

From the stairs of Trollop's building John Wesley preached to a rough crowd on the Sandhill, and was defended from assault by a brawny fishwife, who stood in front of the small preacher, placed her arms akimbo, and dared the turbulent crowd to "come on." One could easily linger over these reminiscences if the supplement of *The Graphic* extended to a score of pages. A hundred stories of custom and tradition cluster round the Guildhall. In the good old times it used to be lent to newly-married couples to take their wedding dinner in, their own houses being then deemed too small for such festive occasions. It may be mentioned that the lower storey, which does duty as an Exchange, contains a bronze statue of Charles II., ridiculously clad in a Roman tunic, and looking more like Julius Caesar before a battle than that Merry Monarch who "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one."

Gradually the Sandhill is being transformed. The half-ruinous Tudor houses, some of which belonged to the old nobility—one of them, notably, being the town house of the Earl of Derwentwater—are being replaced by large stone blocks, in harmony with the noble offices on the Quayside, which have themselves replaced one knows not how much of quaint, and interesting, and picturesque. Now, as in the old days, the Sandhill is the centre of much business, and is peopled all day long by merchants, ship-brokers, and their clerks, the functions of the latter apparently being to seize ship captains wherever they may be seen, and compel them into the carrying of large cargoes at low rates.

THE CLOSE

ONE cannot leave the Sandhill without having a look into the Close. It is a narrow street running parallel with the river from the Sandhill some half mile westward. Little more than half a century ago it was the principal thoroughfare. Nowadays its echoes are only wakened by a few carts and rollies which have special business there. It is a strange jumble of buildings, uniting all styles but the more sightly ones. Houses that were tall and stately and magnificent in the time of Good Queen Bess are sandwiched in between warehouses taller still, and ugly to an extent uncommon even in Newcastle. On one side, many of the buildings, which were erected on a sudden slope, are either in a state of collapse or have collapsed already. Among these is planted the first buttress of the High Level Bridge, which strides away across the river to plant its other end amongst almost equal dilapidation in Gateshead. Not far away stands the Mansion House, the scene of many a civic display in old days. Here the Mayor of Newcastle used to reside when he received the comfortable salary of 2,000*l.* a year, was provided with a State barge, and was allowed the use of a valuable service of plate. Here have been entertained the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Sussex, and the before-mentioned Jack Scott, Lord Chancellor of England. The Mayor of Newcastle is only allowed a small salary and a silver snuff-box now, and if a stranger seeks for the Mansion House he will only find it after much labour and peril, and will then discover that it has become a mere appendage to a wood-yard and saw-mills.

BOAT-RACING

ALONG the Close rush thousands of enthusiastic sightseers on the day of a boat-race, the more knowing ones to secure a better position up the river, the more innocent under the delusion that if they run fairly they are likely to be in at the finish. Of all possible sights the banks of the Tyne on a boat-race day furnish the most singular. The great workshops seem to have disgorged all their *employés*, the warehouses and offices to have given a holiday to all their clerks, the pit villages of Northumberland and Durham to have made us a present of their whole male population. From the High Level Bridge to Scotswood you have a crowd nearly four miles long. Scarcely a space on the river banks is vacant. Baulks of timber, house windows, the roofs of manufactories, the ferry-boat landings, the quays, are all occupied by enthusiasts in boat-racing, a class of persons which may be said to include the whole population of Tyneside. There is scarcely a spot along the whole course that is not supposed to be "the best" situation for observing a boat race, and so, through a happy exercise of private judgment, the crowd elongates itself from one end of the course to the other. It is always a crowd, however, and you must be very careful to maintain your footing if you are standing at all close to the river.

Let me describe "The Start" for a boat race as I saw it on a great occasion not long ago. It is a grey morning. The buildings on either side of the river glimmer through the mist. The water catches stray glimpses of sunlight as it ripples under a light breeze. The occupants of various small craft are paddling about in readiness to accompany the race on a portion of its way. The white sails of a yacht glitter now and then in a fugitive ray of sunshine. I am standing on the High Level Bridge. The iron girders above are occupied by adventurous youth; more sober-sightseers are crowding the heavy balustrade; the smoke of half-a-dozen steamers, which are crammed with passengers fore and aft, is floating up from the river; far down below, on the Quays at the Newcastle side, on the banks at Gateshead, is a stirring concourse; beyond, there is a long perspective of faces, vanishing at last into the mist. The jetty of the Swing Bridge projects through the High Level. A few yards from the end of it the stake-boats are moored. The referee's steamer has put off to the Gateshead side, and is waiting for the appearance of the men. A shout, and a general movement amongst the crowd, heralds their appearance. They are lifted into their boats, and people with "something on" begin to select their man, the colour of his cap being the distinguishing token. For some time the competitors amuse themselves with preliminary "spins"; then they approach the stake boats and suddenly "peel." This means business. After a little finessing and a few false starts they will be



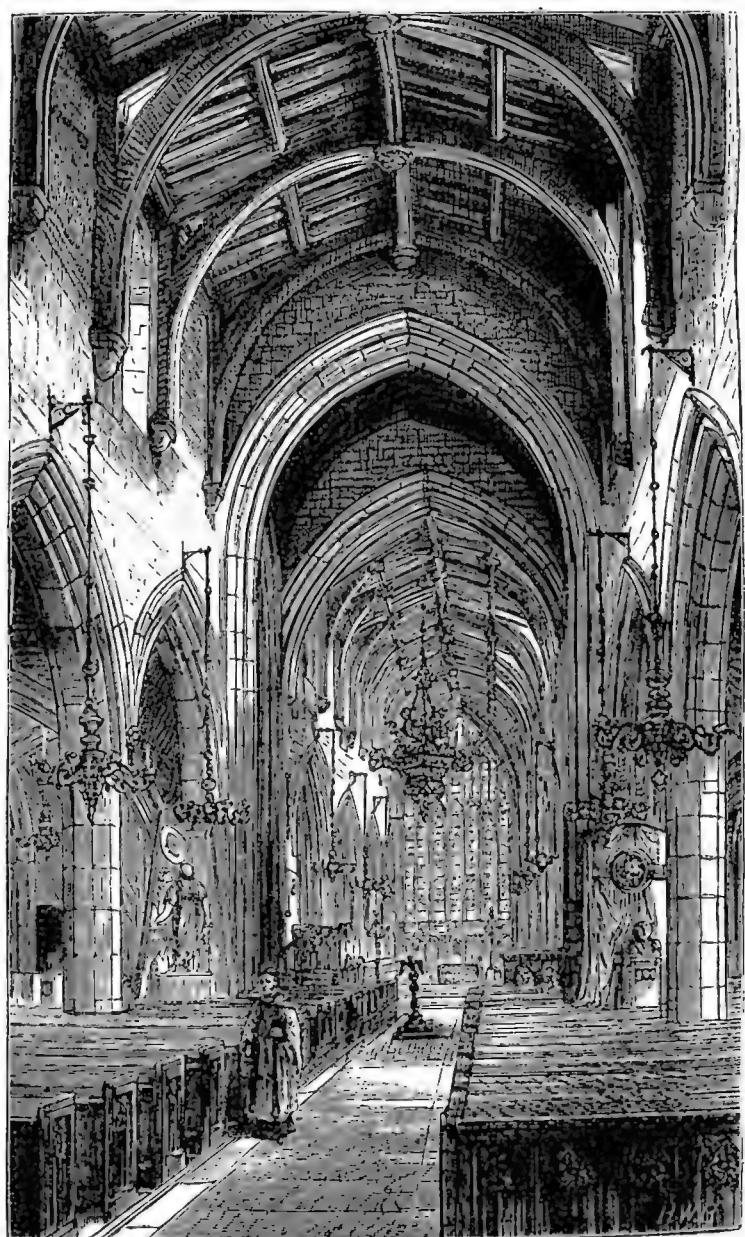
ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH



THE BLACK GATE

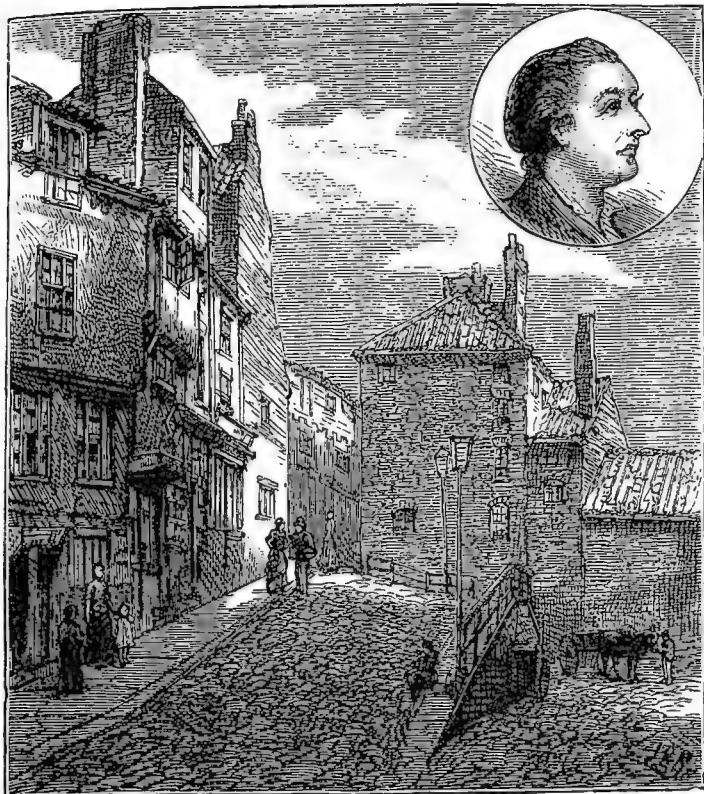


ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH

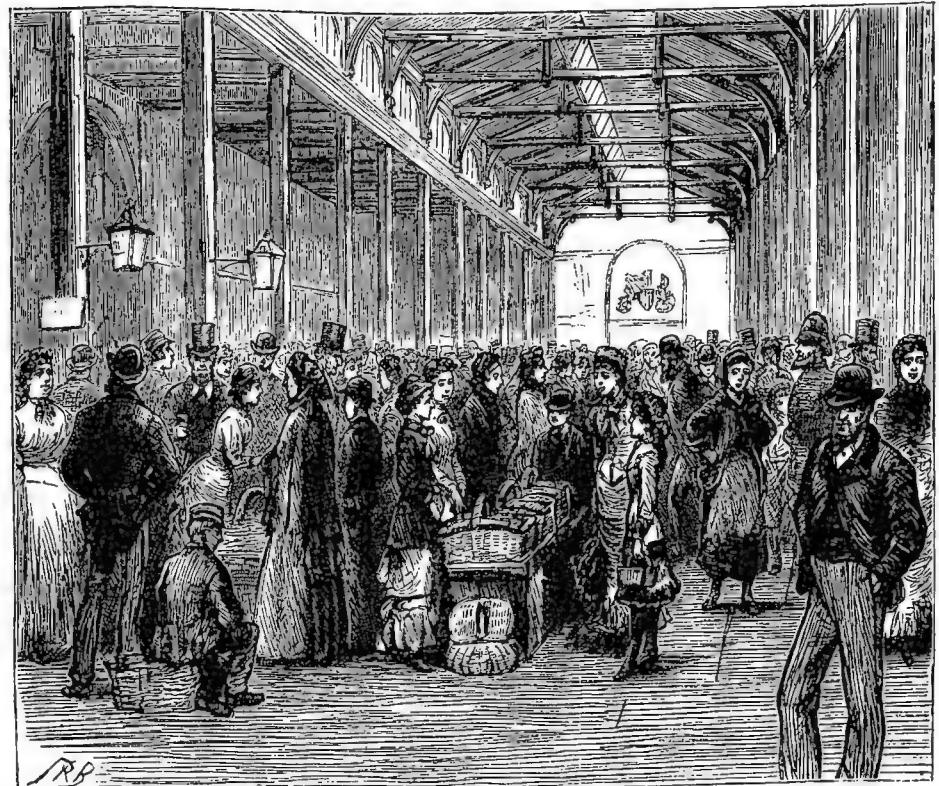


INTERIOR OF ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH

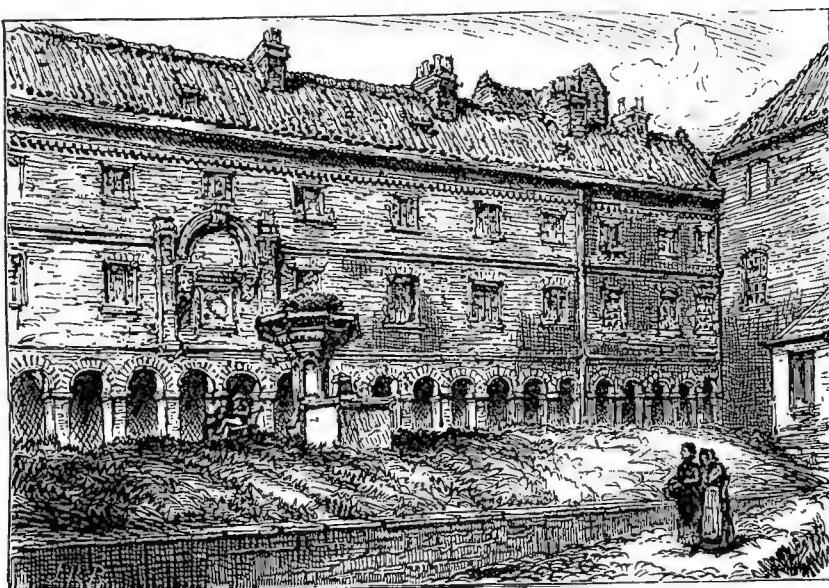
MARK AKENSIDE
Born 1721; Died 1770



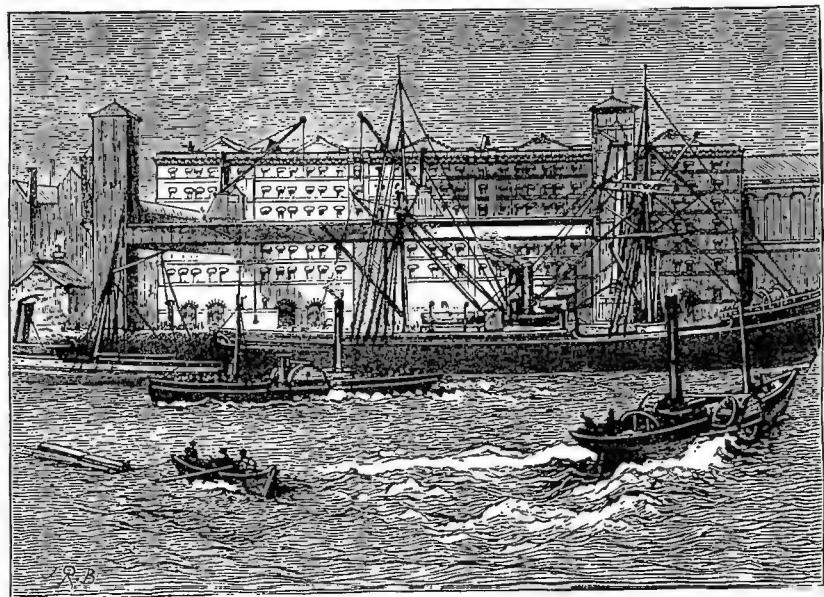
AKENSIDE HILL, BUTCHER BANK



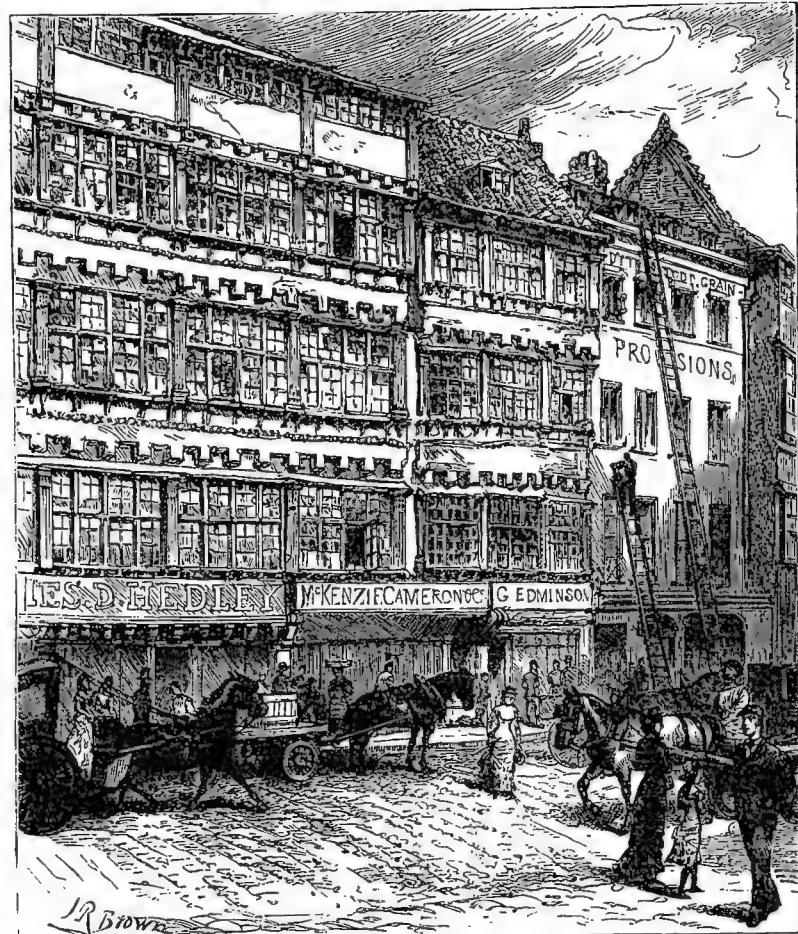
THE MARKET—SATURDAY MORNING



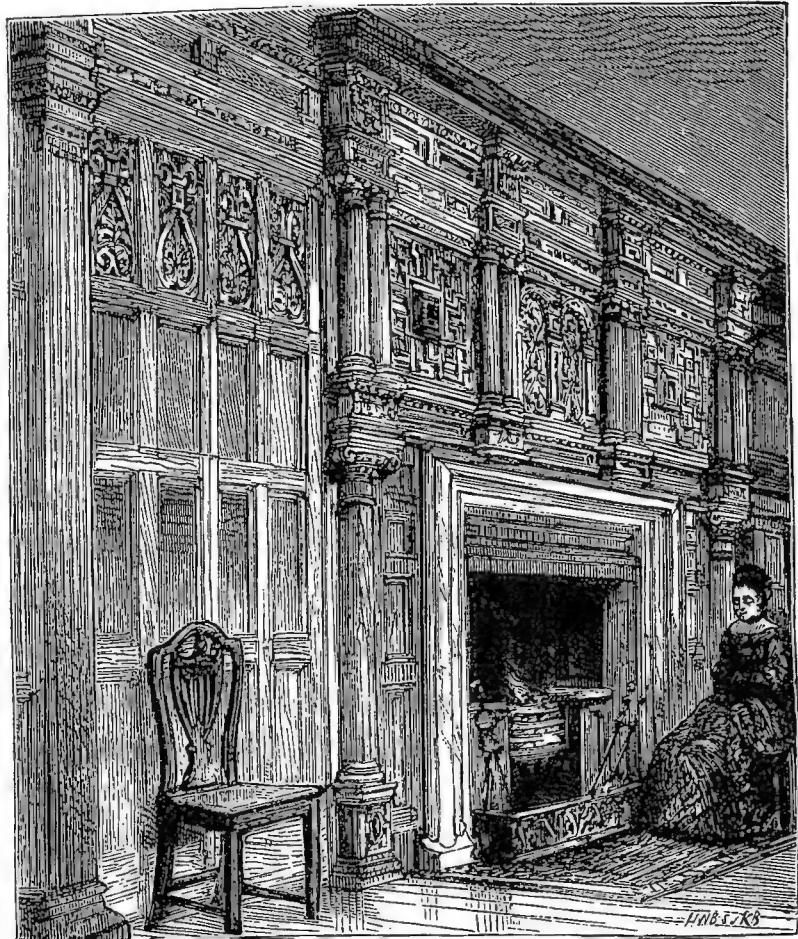
HOLY JESUS HOSPITAL



GRAIN STORES



THE HOUSE OF AUBONE SURTEES, FATHER OF LADY ELDON



FIREPLACE, AUBONE SURTEES' HOUSE

"off." The moment is a very anxious one. Attention is divided between the scullers and the boat of the referee, and whilst the spectators are all craning their necks in order to take in the whole situation, a pistol is fired, and a great shout announces that the race is begun. In a second, almost, two small red figures that appear to be balancing themselves on chips of wood are skimming along far up the river, pursued by steamers, and wherries, and open boats, and a shouting, gesticulating crowd. If we could follow them we should hear each man familiarly addressed by his supporters on the banks, and advised to "gan on," and "haud away," as if his success depended on the amount of encouragement he received from those who had staked their money on his prowess. But before we can walk one-third of the way the two men will have been lifted out of their boats, very limp and weary, and the successful oarsman will be making a collection for his defeated rival.

Many are the authentic stories which are regularly repeated about great boat races on Tyneside. The best of these tells how Robert Chambers "happened an accident," as they say here, to his boat; how he received the signal to "gan on" when he was quite a quarter of a mile behind his opponent; how he settled to his work again, gained with every stroke of his oars, and at length left his rival a quarter of a mile behind. Chambers and Renforth are the leading heroes of the river-side population. They are remembered not only with admiration, but affection; and on the occasion of a boat race the old stories are brought to mind and told over again as if they were as fresh as the last joke of Mark Twain.

THE CASTLE STAIRS

FROM this digression on boat-racing I must return once more to the Close. Whilst you are standing here, so near to the river-side, you have, far above you, the Moot Hall, the Castle, St. Nicholas's Church, and, as some poet has said, "I know not what of old and strange." For, be it observed, old Newcastle was built on the slope of a sudden declivity, and communication between its upper and its lower portions was carried on by means of "stairs."

Strangers have been known to declare, on the strength of a very cursory experience, that, contrary to native report, Newcastle is not a hilly town. When a visitor commits himself to a statement of that kind the shrewd native takes him out for a morning's walk, marches him down one flight of stairs and up another, and so worries and confuses him that he returns to his hotel a wiser but a wearier man. "Such a getting upstairs" is possible in no other town in England. The descent from the Castle to the Close is so steep that the foundations of some houses are visible above the roofs of others.

The most popular and interesting means of communication is the Castle Stairs. They conduct you from the Castle Garth to the end of the new Swing Bridge, and are as quaint and picturesque—and need I say as dirty?—as any of the slums of Venice. The Castle Stairs were of great importance once as the readiest entrance to the town from the south. Merchants once displayed their wares in windows which are now filled with old boots that have been re-soled and otherwise "done over." The Castle Stairs are a very limbo of antique shoe-leather. Boots, chiefly of the hob-nailed kind, fill every window, and are profusely scattered about little stalls that have been erected outside. Here the pitman, canny man, comes to haggle about "a new pair," and presently goes higher up to obtain a suit of clothes in the Castle Garth, whither I shall presently conduct you.

Architecturally the houses on the Castle Stairs are not much to boast of, but their gables lean over so quaintly, they are full of such queer turns, and age has given them so much interest, and even beauty, that an artist might make a dozen pictures without by any means exhausting their "infinite variety." In proof of which statement I must ask the reader to turn to Mr. Brown's sketch of this purgatory of old boots, and to say whether it might not have been drawn from the Jews' Quarter of some old town in Italy.

THE CASTLE AND THE CASTLE GARTH

BEFORE the visitor has reached the top of the Castle Stairs he is within the precincts of the Castle itself, for, if he be tall, he must bow his head, and pass under a heavy stone archway which leads through what yet remains of the outer wall. Straight before him is the venerable Keep, partially deprived of its original character by modern "restoration," but still one of the best remaining examples of a Norman stronghold. How a Castle was built here by Robert Curthose when he returned from an unsuccessful expedition against Malcolm of Scotland is tolerably well known even to the general reader of history. "Its having been called on its erection, the 'New Castle,'" says old John Brand, "seems strongly to imply that it arose on the site of some older fortress," and so has said every historian who has followed him. I see no reason to be singular in the matter, and am rather of opinion that the grey old Keep stands on the site of a Roman fort. Within these venerable walls did John Balliol do reverence for the Crown in 1292, Edward I. sitting in the great hall of the castle and receiving the homage of his cousin of Scotland. From hence Sir Henry Percy set out on the rash expedition which ended in the Battle of Otterburn, when, as the ballad writer sings, the brave Widdrington "fought upon his stumps." In 1644 the castle was defended against the Scottish army, who had gained possession of the town. All that remains of it now is the postern on the Castle Stairs, the Black Gate, once the main entrance to the Castle, and the Keep. There was once a proposal to make the latter into a windmill! The Corporation, with more grace than usual, felt its pride touched by such a proposal, and bought the venerable relic for six hundred pounds. It is now occupied by the Society of Antiquaries, which holds its meetings and keeps its museum there, charging sixpence for admission, an impost which yields no very considerable revenue. The interior of the Keep contains some excellent examples of fine Norman work, and has a dungeon on the ground floor, the sight of which considerably assists the imagination in speculations on the tender mercies of the barons of the Middle Ages.

For a description of the Castle Garth a few words will suffice, the sketch accompanying these remarks being a most accurate representation of this quaint piece of old Newcastle. It is a dilapidated relic of former grandeur. Here, in the earlier periods of the town's history, did those merchants and dealers who were not townsfolk most congregate, to haggle and bargain. It was a privilege limited to this one spot, for the freemen of Newcastle had no love for outside traders, and

it was their wont to put obstacles in the way of their transactions. At a later period the Castle Garth became rather an aristocratic place of business, the grand dames of the town coming here to do their shopping. In these later times it is a sort of Monmouth Street, only worse. Tradition has it that in the Castle Garth it is possible to obtain "a full rig out" for the small sum of half-a-crown. The story is very likely to be true, for such a tatterdemalion collection of "hand-me-downs" as is to be met with in Castle Garth is, as Carlyle might have said, a rare thing in this planet of ours. But the glory of the Castle Garth is the Black Gate, the one relic of old Newcastle which is most neglected, and of which, singularly enough, Newcastle people are the most proud.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH

THE spire of St. Nicholas dominates the whole town. It is to be seen from almost every point of view, a fact which is sufficiently illustrated by the very persistent manner in which it has obtruded itself into the drawings accompanying these remarks. But for its spire St. Nicholas's Church would be of small account, even though it has been "restored" by Sir Gilbert Scott, and has had all the marks of its age planed out of it by the masons. The spire covers a multitude of shortcomings. It is generally believed that when it had been erected the secret of its construction was lost, or buried, or otherwise got rid of. In the spire the natives pride themselves on having something *sui generis*. And it really is such a thing as one may legitimately take pride in. What stranger ever came to the town without being struck by its beauty? Did not "Rare Ben Jonson," when he was engaged on that unfortunate tramp to the house of Drummond of Hawthornden, pause to make verses about it? Is it not the admiration of all who have seen it, and—so the natives say—the despair of architects? It narrowly escaped an evil fate once; but the same townsfolk who would have sold their Norman Keep to a corn-miller were determined to save the spire. When the Scots besieged the town in the time of the Civil Wars they threatened to blow down the steeple unless they were at once accommodated with the keys. The Mayor was equal to the occasion. He filled the space below the lantern of the tower with Scotch prisoners, and then sent word that "if the spire was to fall it should not fall alone." And fall it did not, the Scottish General not being ruthless enough to shed the blood of his countrymen in order to run counter to the sentiment of the staunch citizens of Newcastle. So, to this day, as an old historian says, "it lifeth up a head of majesty as high above the rest as the cypresse tree above the low shrubs."

The steeple is said to be of later date than the church itself, which occupies the site of still older religious buildings, dating back even to British times. It is built after the usual cruciform manner, though its tower is at the front instead of in the centre. Several of the monuments which it contains are both curious and interesting, though few of them relate to persons of very great consequence. The church has a free library, containing books of a theological character. It was left to the town, in 1736, by a certain Dr. Tomlinson, and is, therefore, known as "Tomlinson's." As the inhabitants of Newcastle are not excessively addicted to the reading of ancient books of divinity, it is to be feared that in spite of its being "free," the library has not been very much frequented by readers. Indeed, the only person who is known to have visited it for the purpose of studying its contents is Dr. Bruce, and the incident was of so unusual occurrence that the worthy antiquarian was locked up by the attendant and forgotten.

St. Nicholas's Churchyard has a kind of interest which appeals to readers everywhere. At one corner of it was the shop of Bewick, the engraver; close to another, in a house long since devoted to the retailing of liquor, Lord Collingwood was born.

THE HOSPITALS

IN its "hospitals" Newcastle retains a very interesting and worthy souvenir of its ancient position as a stronghold of Monasticism. These places are now employed as refuges for the aged, who are elected thereto by the members of the Corporation. The Keelmen have a large hospital of their own, built by their own subscriptions, in the neighbourhood of that Sandgate which was once celebrated as the Wapping of Newcastle, but which is now rapidly disappearing before the march of improvement. The Holy Jesus Hospital, which is shown in the illustrations, is the most picturesque of these institutions, and now, I believe, the oldest, two others having been rebuilt in recent years.

THE SIDE

THE Side is probably the oldest of the main thoroughfares of Newcastle, and, steep as it is, it is yet the easiest means of communication between the Quay and the heart of the town. The elliptical arch by which it is spanned was built by Robert Stephenson, and is said to be the finest of its kind in the world. The Side is rapidly being deprived of its more picturesque features, one of the houses shown in the illustration having, indeed, been removed since the sketch was made.

RICHARD GRAINGER

AND now we have almost done with Old Newcastle. We can stroll about noble streets, hard and stony mayhap, but impressive as some picture of antique Rome. Little more than half a century ago there were in Newcastle only three private houses that were built of stone. It must have been a dismal, yet withal a picturesque, old town. One wanders through "chares," and openings, and archways to come on stray portions of it still. They are enclosed all round by buildings of stone, for brick has gone out of fashion in what is proudly called "the Metropolis of the North." It was driven from its old pre-eminence by Richard Grainger. Grainger was a man of vast ambition and vaster projects. He designed not only to rebuild Newcastle, but to make Elswick, one of its western suburbs, and then little more than open fields, "the centre of the town." Death struck him down before he had attempted to achieve the impossible; but he left behind him a huge monument in a series of grand and massive streets that, taken altogether, can scarcely be matched in England.

Richard Grainger, who was born towards the close of the last century in High Friar Street, a narrow lane just within the West Walls, was the child of humble enough parents. Somehow he contrived to gain a considerable knowledge of architecture, and, after some time, to struggle into business as a builder. After a few years of moderate success a Mr. Batson seems to have been struck with the

talents of his young townsman, and he employed Grainger to build a row of houses called Higham Place, which now overlooks the site of the new Free Library. The houses were of much better quality than any which had been previously built in Newcastle, and through his work in connection with them Grainger placed his feet on the first rung of the ladder which was to raise him to the highest point of local fame. It was his good fortune to secure powerful friends. He seems to have had the talent of making others believe in him, and he thus secured the means of embarking in much vaster speculations than he would have been able to attempt alone. One street after another rose under his direction, and according to his designs. Massive stone buildings, dug from what are still known as "Grainger's Quarries," soon began to put the dirty-red brick of ordinary Newcastle out of countenance. Yet Grainger had scarcely begun his great work. He commenced with the outskirts of the town, building huge blocks of private houses. Then arose the dream of a Newcastle built in stone. What was until recently known as the Post Office Arcade was built, to become an object of admiration to the whole of the builder's townsmen—to hold its own even amongst the network of stone-built streets which are so impressive a characteristic of the Newcastle of to-day.

With the building of the Arcade Grainger may be said to have embarked fairly on his career. What was known as Anderson Place was in the market, and he purchased it. Anderson Place is a conspicuous feature in old pictures of Newcastle. Here, for many generations, lived the Blacketts, one of the most powerful of the county families. Here, also, Charles I. was imprisoned during his short captivity in Newcastle. Anderson Place wholly disappeared before Grainger's improvements. Indeed, it had already been encroached upon. On its outskirts had arisen a number of places of business, amongst others the coach factory of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, a firm which has maintained a successful existence for a full century, and which, more than fifty years ago, had to abandon the building of stage coaches and begin the construction of railway carriages. Here the first passenger carriage was built, some of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson's old stage coaches, mounted on trucks, doing duty in place of others. The coach works, which have extended to vast dimensions of late years, face one side of Pilgrim Street, the old coach road to the North, and are now famous for the construction of private carriages. The twelve acres of ground purchased by Grainger extended from the other side of Pilgrim Street to what is now Grey Street, the finest monument of the builder's genius. Within this area Grainger constructed huge blocks of buildings, carried to great heights, and plain and severe, yet, withal, sufficiently various in their styles. Over Grey Street itself he seems to have exhausted the whole of his talents.

It has been so often described that I need say of it nothing more than that it is one of the finest streets in the kingdom. It owes one half of its beauty to its graceful curve, which has the merit of grouping, as if for pictorial effect, the noblest examples of Grainger's architectural skill.

It was characteristic of Grainger that he never threw ornament away. Even Grey Street is more remarkable for its massive proportions and the entire harmony of its construction than for either character or excess of ornamentation. Grainger Street was plainer still; and in Clayton Street—named after a well-known lawyer and local antiquary, one of Grainger's staunchest and most useful friends—the builder's style sinks from plainness into positive austerity. But even the latter street is made imposing by its mass, which is just sufficiently varied in line and character to break the feeling of monotony.

Grainger did not meet with that reward which was due to his talent and his enterprise. When he died, in 1861, he was just beginning to realise the success of his plans. During almost the whole of his career his operations had been far in excess of the public needs. It was only by very gradual degrees that his magnificent new shops and offices found tenants. The centre of trade in the town had first of all to be changed. For some years the windows in Clayton Street were boarded up, and the boards served as targets for the marksmanship of small boys. That period has happily passed away. Other builders have followed Grainger. Streets left uncompleted have been finished, and many hundred others have arisen. Since Grey Street was built Newcastle has extended itself far to the east and west, and the centre of the town is not at the West End, where Grainger would have placed it, but amongst the streets in building which he expended a busy and anxious life. A stranger would say that more recent builders have disturbed the harmony of Grainger's scheme. They have been influenced more by the extent of his undertakings than by his spirit. Among the large buildings recently erected there is a medley of conflicting styles. Harmonious construction, which is the most prominent characteristic of the streets built by Richard Grainger, has been sacrificed to individual fancy and the jealousy of rival architects. Nay—and one mentions the fact with shame—the front of one of the stern buildings in Grey Street has been removed in order to replace it with a piece of light and florid Italian.

THE TOWN MOOR AND THE PARKS

AT length we can escape from these massive streets of stone. There are the Parks in prospect. Newcastle has not long been able to boast of parks. It has a well-founded reputation for doing things tardily. A Hansom cab is a recent innovation. Sedan chairs were in use within the memory of men still living. The first Free Library is now being built. Tramways are the most recent of all improvements. Parks preceded them by only a few years. The latter circumstance is, however, not difficult to account for. The north side of Newcastle is bounded by what is known as the Town Moor. It is a great green expanse, unrelieved by a single tree. And yet, in old times, it is said to have been a dense forest. Here grew the oaks out of which the first of our Tyne ships were built, and which yielded the timber for our Tudor houses. Here also originated our vast coal trade, for was it not in the reign of King John that "the honest men of Newcastle and their heirs" obtained permission to dig coals on what afterwards became the Town Moor? In those days, and much more recently, indeed, coal-getting was really a process of digging, and many indentations on the Moor indicate the places from which coal has been dug. The Moor is now useful only as a racecourse, and as a feeding ground for cows. Originally held in common by the people of the town, it is now claimed exclusively by the freemen, each of whom has a right to "a

stint" upon it, that is, the privilege of feeding one cow. They cling to this right with singular tenacity, forbidding the Corporation to encroach on any part of the Moor, repelling the builder with contumely, and debarring the pitman from playing at his favourite game of bowling.

Because the Moor was so fine a breathing space it was long enough contended that Newcastle had no need of parks. Newcastle people had never seen a park, and this rolling expanse, as bare as Hyde Park playground, seemed enough to satisfy even the wildest desires. At length, however, by arrangement with the freemen, a small park was made on a part of the Moor known as The Leazes, and this, by judicious arrangement, careful planting, and course of time, became so attractive that ratepayers in other quarters of the town began to clamour for similar places in their own neighbourhood. What was known as the Elswick Estate was for sale. It consisted of a house and very pretty grounds. All around it was a thick and increasing population, and if it were not at once bought by the Town it would be immediately absorbed by the builder. But the Town, having one park already, declined to buy. Then four or five public-spirited gentlemen determined to purchase the estate, and save it from the builder until the Town had made up its mind on the matter. The agitation continued for some years, and at length the people at the East End began to clamour for a park also. Part of an estate happened to be for sale in their neighbourhood; so East and West worked together, and were so persistent and determined in their labours that they at length got a park each. Then occurred a piece of good fortune. Sir William Armstrong had an extensive piece of ground adjoining the park at the East End, and in an unusual spirit of munificence he presented it to the town. Together, the purchased and the presented grounds make up as magnificent a park as one would wish to see. It is called after Sir William Armstrong, and lies on one side of a beautiful valley, sloping upward to a level piece of ground which overlooks the town and the valley of the Tyne. Grandly wooded, full of slopes and undulations, in the neighbourhood, too, of a dense and poor population, the Armstrong Park is such a boon as only those can appreciate fairly who have seen it filled, as it so often is, with crowds of townspeople revelling in green leaves and fresh air. The Armstrong Park has some historical, or rather one should say mythical, interest, for in what is known as King John's Palace, now the mere ruins of a ruin, "King Lackland," as Carlyle calls him, is said to have slept on the occasion of one of his visits to the North. Elswick Park does not compare with its East End rival in beauty or interest, being rather a garden than a park; but it has been laid out with great taste, and is very warmly appreciated by the dense population by which it is surrounded.

That portion of the Armstrong Park which was purchased by the Corporation was part of the grounds surrounding Heaton Hall, once the residence of the Ridleys, a powerful local family, the head of which was a member of the late Government. The Ridleys at one time exercised a preponderating influence in the town, partly as the result of power and partly of popularity. Old Sir Mathew was a sort of idol with all classes. A local poet thus expresses his pride in him when singing of George IV.:-

For Goordy aw'd dee—for my loyalty's trig,
And aw own he's a good luikin' mannie;
But if wor Sir Mathew ye buss iv his wig,
By gox he wad leuk just as canny.

"STEPHENSON'S"

NEWCASTLE is a place which has grown with such rapidity that men who were born a good many years after "the oldest inhabitant" can remember when green fields occupied the site of some of our busiest streets, and when there were large open spaces near what is now the heart of the town. One of these latter was "the Forth," a sort of public playground sloping down to the river. Here Harriet Martineau used to come in her girlhood, on a visit to the Rev. William Turner, Unitarian Minister, the founder of the first Sunday School in the North of England. She describes the Forth banks as being very pleasant and beautiful in those days; but their glory in that respect has long since departed. You must go almost two miles away to find green banks now. The Forth is a wilderness of buildings over which only the most experienced traveller can find his way. A part of it is occupied by the Central Station, "one of the most elegant and commodious in the kingdom," writes Dr. Bruce, and certainly one of the most massively graceful. It was designed by John Dobson, whose architectural drawings have caused him to be remembered rather as an artist than as an architect. About a hundred yards away is the Forth Goods Station, and, close to that again, the Infirmary. Then come crowded and dingy streets, also, many of them, mere rookeries.

If we explore the Forth banks carefully we come upon the works founded in 1823 by the two Stephensons. They lie behind the railway, and are not easy of access, being surrounded by one of those "rookeries" of which I have spoken heretofore. At half-past twelve o'clock every day a long stream of workmen issues from a railway arch near the station, and hurries past Lough's monument of George Stephenson—rather a poor affair of its kind, standing in one of the few open spaces of which Newcastle can still boast. These greasy and grimy toilers are known as "Stephenson's men." If you are "knowing" about corners, and pass under the archway from which they have issued, a minute's walk will bring you face to face with the famous works. An engine shop is a place which does not easily associate itself with romance; but in one who rightly values the vast progress of the last half-century, a walk through "Stephenson's" must awaken much the same feeling as a pilgrimage to the grave of Sir Walter Scott. Here was built the famous "Rocket" engine, which won the 500*l.* prize in the great contest at Liverpool, and established at once and for ever the supremacy of the locomotive on our railways. Here may still be seen an engine which was built by George Stephenson himself—the first that was put together in the works. It bears the inscription:—

RT. STEPHENSON AND CO.,
JUNE, 1823,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The works were opened in this same month of June, and this little engine, which is of 20 horse-power (nominal), supplied all the driving power that was then required at "Stephenson's." It is now used to work a fan, and is apparently almost in as good condition

as when it was built. In 1823 Stephenson's works were comprised in a few sheds which stood along one side of a narrow street. These sheds are still standing, the old red-tiled roofs never having been removed; but the works have now absorbed the street beside which they were originally built, and stretch far away on the other side. A walk through them is deafening and bewildering. In one portion the workmen are forging huge driving-wheels; in another they are putting the last rivets in a marine boiler which stretches almost from the floor to the roof; in a third, amidst a wonderful accumulation of wheels and bands, they are turning rods, and pistons, and other mysterious articles which all go to make up that marvellous embodiment of power and skill—a locomotive engine. Since Stephenson's works were opened nearly 2,500 locomotives have been constructed in these sheds. Besides this, the firm has made over 350 marine engines, and has constructed four of the finest bridges in the world—our own High Level, the bridge over the Menai Straits, that over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and the bridge which crosses the Nile at Kaffir Azzayat, on the Egyptian Railway.

When the works were first commenced only 2,000*l.* was the basis of the speculation. George Stephenson had just been presented with 1,000*l.* for his invention of his safety lamp, and, like the shrewd man he was, he at once began to look about for means of making more of it. His staunch friend, Edward Pease, advised the starting of the engine works, and he and his friend Thomas Richardson made up the second 1,000*l.* between them. The first fortnightly pay amounted to the very meagre sum of 12*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* In another fortnight it had risen to 30*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* For the third fortnight it was 37*l.* 9*s.* 7*1/2**d.* The farthing is a curious and striking evidence of the exact manner in which the early reckonings were kept. "Stephenson's" now employ many hundreds of hands; their "pays" are of unknown amount; and in place of the one little engine which used to drive the works, there are now engines which in the aggregate indicate 550 horse-power.

"ARMSTRONG'S"

THE works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. stretch for over a mile and a-half along the river-side. They employ nearly 3,000 hands, and the populous district of Elswick, which has grown up in their neighbourhood since they were founded, is principally inhabited by "Armstrong's men." The locality of Armstrong's works is easily distinguished in the night time. The furnaces make such a lurid glare in the sky as may be seen all over Newcastle. They create, indeed, a pillar of smoke by day and a cloud of fire by night. The works were founded in 1847. They were on a small scale, and for some time gave no promise of any great prosperity. Sir W. G. Armstrong, the founder, was the son of a Newcastle Alderman, and was bred to the law. He had, however, no very decided taste for engrossing and the drawing-up of title deeds, and though he became a partner in a legal concern he devoted much of his time to scientific and mechanical studies. With the erection of the hydraulic crane which now stands on the Quay Side, a new course of life opened out to him, and one of its first results was the foundation of the Elswick works. As I have said, they were not at first very successful, but their fortune and reputation was made by the invention of the Armstrong gun. Sir William's attention was directed to the construction of light ordnance by an incident in the Battle of Inkerman, when great havoc was wrought amongst the Russian ranks by two eighteen-pounder guns which, small as they were, had been got into position with infinite difficulty. Seeking an interview with the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary for War, the ex-lawyer and engineer explained the principle of the Armstrong gun. His plans seemed so feasible that he obtained a commission to construct the first breech-loader. It was so small and so neat in appearance that the War Office officials derisively called it a "pop-gun," but its merits were easily enough demonstrable, and the inventor was made a Knight Commander of the Bath. The first Armstrong gun may still be seen in the works, and one regards it with scarcely less interest than the first engine built by George Stephenson. It contrasts amazingly with the huge ordnance on which one may now see the workmen engaged. A man can work inside the bore of a 100-ton gun, and he looks a mere pygmy when he stands beside it. Going through the works, one marvels at the processes by which these engines of destruction are made. In its early stages a large Armstrong gun looks like a huge steel roller; when finished it is a thing of great beauty, brown and shining, and not in the least terrible to look upon. The manufacture of ordnance is, of course, the chief business of the Elswick works, but the Elswick Company also turns out a great quantity of hydraulic and steam machinery, and is engaged in bridge building, dock construction, casting, and boiler making. The works have recently been considerably extended, and another blast furnace is now being added to the three already in existence. With the building of the Swing Bridge the river above Armstrong's was opened out to large vessels, and a steamer of two thousand tons burthen can now lie alongside the Elswick Wharf.

EMINENT NOVOCASTRIANS

THE people of Newcastle are but little given to hero worship. In their estimation a living dog is better than a dead lion. The town has only two public monuments, that of Earl Grey at the top of Grey Street, and that of George Stephenson, in what one had better christen for the occasion Stephenson Square. The former is a tall column surmounted by a colossal statue, and was erected by public subscription in 1838. The latter is one of Lough's least successful efforts. The statue of Stephenson is surrounded by four figures, which are supposed to represent the industries of the district, but which are as much without character as the face of the great engineer is without likeness to his best portraits. The monument stands on the site of the old Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, and in close proximity to that of the old Grammar School, where Lord Eldon used to have knowledge whipped into him by the Rev. Hugh Moises, the severest and one of the most learned of all pedagogues. One other monument Newcastle boasts in the Wood Memorial Hall, of which the late Henry Shield, alluding to the grotesque character of its decorations, joyously sang:—

We've a new Mining Institute, with a great crop
Of dickey-birds hopping all over the top.

This memorial is, however, a private affair, having been erected by the coal-owners in memory of Nicholas Wood, an eminent

mining engineer, and a friend of George Stephenson. None of the other illustrious sons of Newcastle have been thought worthy of commemoration. Only to Akenside has some slight compliment been paid, the Corporation having changed the name of the place where he was born from Butcher Bank to Akenside Hill. It curiously happens that Henry Kirke White was born over a butcher's shop at the corner of the Market Place in Nottingham, and the visitor to the pleasant town on the Trent cannot help observing with pleasure and something of pathos that his townsmen, holding in proud remembrance the name and the transient glory of their young poet, have placed his portrait over the door of his birthplace, and, in company with it, an intimation that "Henry Kirke White was born here," in letters large enough for him who runs to read. Akenside, incomparably the superior of the meek *protege* of Southey and Capel Loft, has no such affecting memorial. Nay, there is even a doubt as to the house in which he was born, some authorities adhering to the picturesque building with the diamond-shaped coat-of-arms, shown in the engraving, and others declaring that Akenside's birthplace was the house above it, in which case it has been destroyed and replaced. That side of the Butcher Bank on which the poet was born just escaped destruction in the great fire. It is now a Butcher Bank no more, such tradesmen as followed the occupation of the poet's father having long since removed to more presentable portions of the town. From the house where he was born Akenside would be able to run out and play by the river side, only a few score yards distant; and he recalls the scene in later years, exclaiming:—

Oh ye dales of Tyne . . .
Nor e'er will I forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind
For every future year.

This is scarcely so pathetic as Gray's inimitable reference to his early days at Eton; but one is glad to meet with even so slight a touch of human nature as this in the severe author of "The Pleasures of Imagination."

But to return to the local neglect of greatness. Lord Collingwood's birthplace, as I have already stated, is a public-house. Bewick's workshop—and Bewick, though born at Ovingham, a



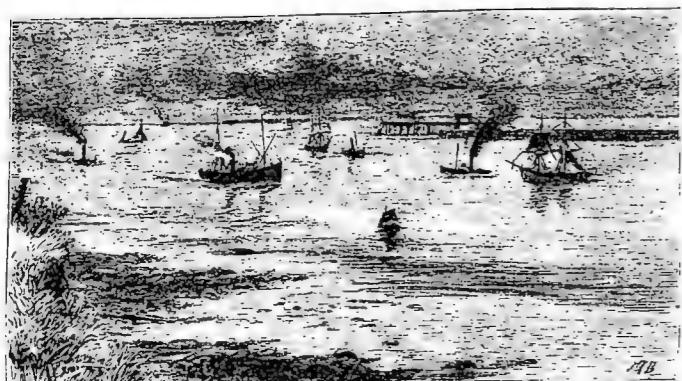
THOMAS BEWICK
Born 1753; Died 1828

dozen miles away, is generally regarded as a Newcastle man—is divided between an assistant overseer and some other person connected with the administration of the Poor Laws. It is occasionally exhibited to the curious stranger by a lady who informs you that "Mr. Bewick wis a varry clivvor man. A lot of clivvor men have lived in this hoose," and then goes on to name, amongst others, the breeder of a horse which, I believe, once won the Northumberland Plate. The room in which Bewick worked had a large window extending almost from end to end. On one of the panes one remarks the profile of a face, scored with a diamond, and "Bewick, Thomas" written in a large hand underneath. Near to it, on the same pane, is another profile, apparently intended for a caricature of Bewick himself, and signed "Rob. B.," clearly the work of one of the engraver's sons.

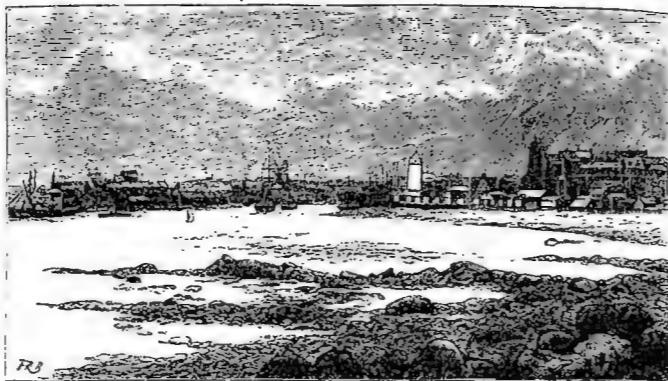
I should occupy too much space if I were to speak at any length of the many eminent sons that Newcastle has produced. The list includes Lords Stowell and Eldon, the two Elstobbs, famous for their Anglo-Saxon scholarship, Avison the musician, John Brand the antiquarian, Harvey the engraver, Richardson "the Northern Turner," Hutton, Carmichael, and many others whose names are not "for a day," even though they may not last "for all time."

THE BRIDGES

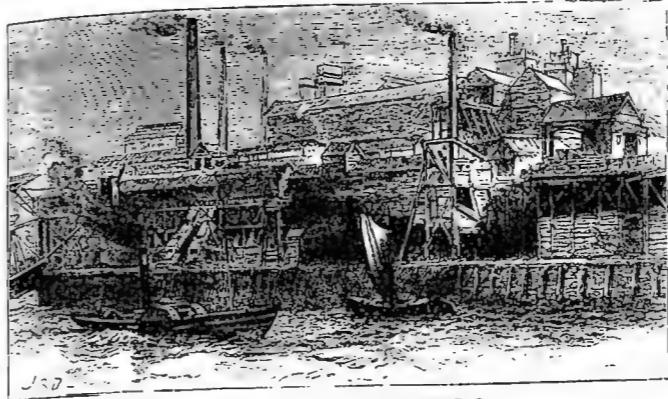
IT is a curious circumstance that there are now no more free bridges across the Tyne than there were in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. There is only one free bridge at Newcastle,



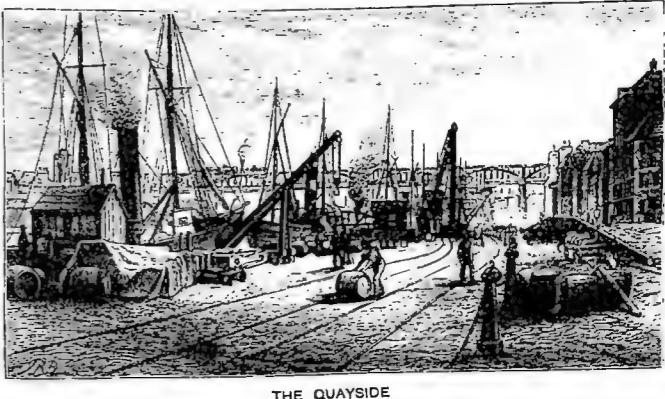
THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE



SHIELDS HARBOUR



THE NEWCASTLE CHEMICAL WORKS



THE QUAYSIDE



NEWCASTLE, FROM ST. MARY'S, GATESHEAD

The Chaplain of the Fleet

By MESSRS. BESANT AND RICE.

(Continued from page 549)

enough to frighten a maid into her grave. And besides, they say that Epsom is going to be given up, and the Assembly Rooms pulled down; and we should not have had this gay season unless it had been for my lord and his party at the Durdans. And what we shall do, mother and me, I can't even think."

Why, here was another trouble.

"Miss Kitty"—this silly girl threw herself on her knees to me and caught my hand—"take me into your service when you marry my lord."

"How do you know I am to marry my lord, Cicely? There are many things which may happen to prevent it."

"Oh, I know you will, because you are so beautiful and so good." I snatched my hand away. "I haven't offended you, Miss Kitty, have I? All the world cries out that you are as good as you are beautiful; and haven't I seen you for near two months, always considerate, and never out of temper with anybody, not even with me, or your hairdresser, or your dressmaker? Whereas, Miss Peggy Baker slaps her maid, and sticks pins into her milliner."

"That is enough, Cicely," I said. "I have no power to take anybody into my service, being as penniless as yourself. But if—if that event should happen which you hope for—why—then—I do not—say—"

"It will happen. Oh, I know that it will happen. I have dreamed of it three times running, and always before midnight. I threw a piece of apple-peel yesterday, and called it to name your husband. It first made a G., which is Geoffrey, and then a C., which is Chudleigh. And mother says that everything in the house points to a wedding as true as she can read the signs. Oh! Miss Kitty, may I be in your service?"

I laughed and cried, I know not which, for the tears were very near my eyes all that time.

But oh! that thing did happen which she prophesied and I longed for—I will quickly tell you how. And, as I have said before, I took Cicely into my service, and a good and faithful maid she proved, and married the curate. I forgot to say that when young Lord Eardesley heard the story of his father's elopement with Jenny Medlicott, he laughed, because his mother, Jenny's friend and far-off cousin, had taken her away to Virginia with her, where, after (I hope) the death of Joshua Crump, she had married again. Jenny, it appeared, was the daughter of the same alderman whose fall in 1720 ruined my poor ladies. And it was for this reason that his lordship afterwards, when Cicely had a houseful of babies, took a fancy to them, and would have them, when they were big enough, out to Virginia. Here he made them overseers, and, in course of time, settled them on estates of their own, where some of them prospered, and some, as happens in all large families, wasted their substance and fell into poverty.

The next day, being Sunday, we spent chiefly over our devotions. It was moving to hear the congregation invited to pray for one in grievous danger—meaning poor Will, who would have been better at this moment had he sometimes prayed for himself. Nancy sat beside me in our pew, and caught my hand at the words. One could not choose but weep, poor child! for there was no improvement in Will's fever; all night long the doctor had sat beside his bed, while the lad, in his delirium, fancied himself riding races, wrestling, boxing, and drinking with his boon companions. A pitiful contrast! The pleasures of the world in his mind, and eternity in prospect. Yet, for a man in delirium, allowance must be made. The fever was now, in fact, at its height, and four men were necessary to hold him down in his ravings.

We spent a gloomy Sunday indeed, Mrs. Esther being so saddened by the anxieties of our friends that she resumed her reading of "Drelincourt on Death," a book she had laid aside since we left the Rules. And we observed a fast, not so much from religious motives, as because, in the words of Mrs. Esther, roast veal and stuffing is certain to disagree when a heart of sensibility is moved by the woes of those we love. In the evening we had it cold, when Nancy came to sit with us, her eyes red with her weeping, and we were fain to own that we were hungry after crying together all day long.

"Hot meat," said Mrs. Esther, "at such a juncture, would have choked us."

Nancy said, that after what had happened, it would certainly be impossible for us to stay longer at Epsom, and that for herself, all she hoped and expected now was shame and disgrace for the rest of her life. She wished that there were convents in the country to which she could repair for the rest of her days; go with her hair cut short, get up in the middle of the night for service, and eat nothing but bread and water. "For," she said, "I shall never cease to think that my own brother tried to do such a wicked thing."

Nancy as a nun made us all laugh, and so, with spirits raised a little, we kissed, and said farewell. Nancy promised to let me know every other day by post, whatever the letter should cost, how things went. It seemed to me, indeed, as if, seeing that Will had not died in the first twenty-four hours, the chance was somewhat in favour of his recovery. And he was so strong a man, and so young. I sent a message of duty and respect to Sir Robert—I dared not ask to have my name so much as mentioned to Will's mother—and left Nancy in her trouble, full of mine own.

Before we started next morning, Cicely went for news, but there was no improvement. The stable-boy, she told me, was going about the town, his arm bandaged up, saying that if ever a man was murdered in cold blood it was his master, because he had never a sword, and only a stick to defend himself with. Also, it was reported that among the lower classes, the servants, grooms, footmen, and such, the feeling was strong that the poor gentleman had met with foul play. Asked whether they understood rightly what Mr. Will Levett was doing, Cicely replied that they knew very well, and that they considered he was doing a fine and gallant thing, one which would confer as much honour upon the lady as upon himself, which shows that in this world there is no opinion too monstrous to be held by rough and uneducated people: wherefore we ought the more carefully to guard the Constitution, and prevent the rabble from having any share in public business, or the control of affairs.

Our carriage took us to London in three hours, the road being tolerably good, and so well frequented, after the first three miles, that there was little fear of highway robbers or footpads. And so we came back to our lodgings in Red Lion Street, after such a two months as I believe never before fell to the lot of any girl.

Remember that I was a wife, yet a maiden; married to a man whom I had never seen except for a brief quarter of an hour, who knew not my name, and had never seen me at all—making allowance for the state of drunkenness in which he was married; that I knew this man's name, but he knew not mine; that I met him at Epsom, and that he had fallen in love with me, and I, God help me! with him. Yet that there was no way out of it, no escape but that before he could marry me (again) I must needs confess the deceit of which I had been guilty. No Heaven, say the Roman Catholics, without Purgatory. Yet suppose, after going through Purgatory, one were to miss one's Heaven!

How could I best go to my lord and tell him?

He was in hiding, in the Rules of the Fleet, and in our old

lodging looking over the Fleet Market by one window, and over Fleet Lane by the other—a pleasant lodging for so great a lord. Could I go down to him, in hoops and satin, to tell him in that scandal place the whole truth? Yet go I must.

Now, while we drove rapidly along the road, which is smooth and even between Epsom, or at least between Streatham and London, a thought came into my mind which wanted, after a little, nothing but the consent of Mrs. Esther. A dozen times was I upon the point of telling her all, and as many times did I refrain, because I reflected that, although she knew all about the carrying away of girls from the romances which she read, a secret marriage in the Fleet, although she had lived so long in the Rules, and even knew my uncle, and thought him the greatest of men, was a thing outside her experience, and would therefore only terrify her and confuse her. Therefore I resolved to tell her no more than I was obliged.

But then my plans made it necessary that I should leave her for a while—two or three days, perhaps, or even more.

So soon, therefore, as we had unpacked our trunks, and Mrs. Esther was seated in an arm-chair to rest after the fatigues of the rapid journey, I began upon the subject of getting away, hypocritically pleading my duty towards the Doctor, my uncle. I said that I thought I ought to pay him a visit, and that after my return to London he would certainly take it unkindly if I did not; that, considering the character of the place in which he unhappily resided, it was not to be thought that a person of Mrs. Esther's sensibility could be exposed to its rudeness; and that, with her permission, I would the next day take a coach, and, unless the Doctor detained me, I would return in the afternoon.

We had so firmly maintained our resolution to forget the past, that Mrs. Esther only smiled when I spoke of the rudeness of the Market, and said that no doubt it was desirable for a gentlewoman to keep away from rude and unpolished people, so that the elevation of her mind might not be disturbed by unpleasant or harassing scenes. At the same time, she added, there were reasons, doubtless, why I should from time to time seek out that great and good man (now in misfortune) to whom we all owed a debt of gratitude which never could be repaid. She therefore gave me permission to go there, it being understood that I was to be conveyed thither and back again in a coach.

In the morning, after breakfast, I dressed myself for the journey, and, because I thought it likely that I might remain for one night at least, and perhaps more, I took with me a bag containing my oldest and poorest clothes, those, namely, in which I was dressed while in the market. Then I wrapped myself in a hood which I could pull, if necessary, over my face, and, so disguised, I stole down the stairs.

London streets are safe for a young woman in the morning, when the throng of people to and fro keeps rogues honest. I walked through Fetter Lane, remembering that here Solomon Stallabras was born—indeed, I passed a little shop over which the name was painted on a swinging sign of the Silver Garter, so that one of his relatives still carried on the business. Then I walked along Fleet Street, crowded with chairs, carriages, waggons, and porters. The Templars were lounging about the gates of their Inns; the windows of the many vintners' houses were wide open, and within them were gentlemen drinking wine, early as it was; the coffee-houses were full of tradesmen who would have been better at home behind their counters; ladies were crowding into the shops, having things turned over for them; 'prentices jostled each other behind the posts; grave gentlemen walked slowly along, carrying their canes before them, like wands of office; swaggering young fellows took the wall of every one, except of each other; the street was full of the shouting, noise, and quarrelling which I remembered so well. At the end was the bridge with its quacks bawling their wares which they warranted to cure everything, and its women selling hot fumet, oysters, and fish. Beyond the bridge rose before me the old gate of Lud, which has since been pulled down, and on the left was the Fleet Market, at sight of which, as of an old friend, I could have burst into tears.

The touters and runners for the Fleet persons were driving their trade as merrily as ever. Among them I recognised my old friend Roger, who did not see me. By the blackness of one eye, and the brown paper sticking to his forehead, one could guess that competition among the brethren of his craft had been more than usually severe of late.

Prosperity, I thought to myself, works speedy changes with us. Was it possible that I had spent six long months and more in this stinking, noisy, and intolerable place? Why, could I have had one moment of happiness when not only was I surrounded by infamy in every shape, but I had no hope or prospect of being rescued? In eight short months these things had grown to seem impossible. Death itself, I thought, would be preferable to living among such people, and in the midst of such scenes.

I recognised them all: it gave me pain to feel how familiar they were: the mean, scowling faces, stamped with the seal of wicked lives and wicked thoughts—such faces must those souls wear who are lost beyond redemption: and the deformed men and boys who seemed to select this market as their favourite haunt. There are many more deformed among the poor than with the better sort, by reason of the accidents which befall their neglected children, and maim them for life. That would account for the presence of many of these monsters, but not of all; I suppose some of them come to the market because the labour of handling and carrying the fruit and vegetables is light, though poorly paid.

There were hunchbacks in great plenty; those whose feet were clubbed, whose legs were knock-kneed, whose feet were turned inward, whose eyes squinted. I looked about me for—but did not see—a certain dreadful woman whom I remembered, who sold shell-fish at a stall and had fingers webbed like a duck; but there was the other dreadful woman still in her place, whose upper lip was horrid to look at for hair; there was the cobbler who refused to shave because he said it was unscriptural, and so sat like one of the ancients with a long white beard; there were, alas! the little children, pale, hungry-looking, with eager, sharp eyes, in training for the whip, the gallows, or the plantation. They ran about among the baskets; they sat or stood among the stalls waiting for odd jobs, messages and parcels to carry; they prowled about looking for a chance to steal; it was all as I remembered it, yet had forgotten so quickly. On the right the long wall of the Fleet Prison; beyond that, the doctor's house, his name painted on the door. I pulled my hood closer over my face, and passed it by, because before paying my respects to my uncle I was going to make inquiries about the man I loved.

He was, as I knew, in our old lodgings. He slept, unconscious, in my room; he sat where I had so often sat; the place ought to have reminded him of me. But he knew nothing; the name of Kitty Pleydell was not yet associated in his mind with the Rules of the Fleet.

When we went away, one of those who bade us God-speed and shed tears over our departure was Mrs. Dunquerque, who, as I have told, lived above us with her husband, Captain Dunquerque, and her two little girls. The captain, who was not a good man or a kind man, droned and gambled when he got any money, and left his poor wife and children to starve. It was to her that I meant to go. She was a kind-hearted woman, and fond of me for certain favours I had been able to show her little girls. I was sure to find her in the same lodgings, because in the Rules no one ever changes.

I came to the house: I pulled the hood so close about my face that had my lord met me he would not have known me. The door was standing wide open, as usual. I entered and mounted the

LITERATURE AND ART

NEWCASTLE may fairly claim some distinction as a literary town. John Morley says somewhere that in the Manchester Athenaeum and the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society he had to face such audiences as usually disturbed his self-possession. "The Lit. and Phil.," as it is called, has had a deep and abiding influence on the culture of the district. A century ago it only existed as a Debating Society, where such questions were discussed as the nature of love and the worthlessness of fame.

In the early part of the present century a new Society was founded under the old name, and a fine hall was built, one of the masons employed upon it being John Graham Lough, the sculptor. The Literary and Philosophical Society possesses a most valuable library, of which George Stephenson availed himself at an early period of his career, and which has so augmented of late years that a number of the books have had to be stored in the Wood Memorial Hall adjoining. The Society has, however, exerted most influence through its biennial course of Lectures, to the success of which some of the most eminent literary men of the time have contributed. As a medium for the circulation of books the Literary and Philosophical Society is likely to be interfered with by the Free Library which, after years of agitation, is now in process of erection on the site of the north-east corner of the Town Wall.

For the production of the higher kinds of literature Newcastle has a very insignificant reputation. Its only poets of any consequence have been Akenside and Cunningham (not Allan, by the way), a writer of pastoral pieces. What is known as "local poetry" is generally beneath notice; "The Pitman's Pay," by the late Alderman Wilson, being the only work coming under that designation which has in it the least touch of poetic quality. Newcastle men are, indeed, as heavy and sedate when they sit down to write books as when they are making a bargain on 'Change.

The late John Forster—"that arbitrary gent," as the London cabman called him—was a native of Newcastle, and was educated at the expense of an uncle who had moderately enriched himself in trade. Of living literary men Dr. Bruce is locally at the head. His elaborate work on the Roman Wall has made him a national reputation, whilst his long and zealous services as an antiquary and as the Editor of the "Archæologia Aelianæ"—a many-volumed work dealing with local antiquities—have raised him to a height of local fame hitherto unattained by any native of Newcastle. Mr. James Clephan, a septuagenarian journalist, is scarcely less deserving of honour as a diligent antiquary, while he can lay claim to a brighter and more captivating style than Dr. Bruce. In his earlier years he was the editor of the *Gateshead Observer*, and he so enlivened the pages of that journal by his bright and trenchant wit that it became the best-quoted paper in the provinces. Mr. Thomas Hodgkin has recently found leisure, in the intervals of a life devoted to business and philanthropy, to write a history of "Italy and Her Invaders," in two volumes, a work displaying profound scholarship and considerable power of terse and eloquent expression. Another local work which attracted much attention when it was published about four years ago is Mr. Robert Spence Watson's monograph on Cædmon, the most readable and charming disquisition on the life and writings of the Saxon poet hitherto published. Mr. Watson has recently made a journey to Morocco, and a work descriptive of his travels is now announced for publication. Thomas Doubleday, the author of "The Financial History of England," and of many lighter contributions to our literature, was a native of Newcastle, and a frequent contributor to the local press up to almost the time of his death in 1870.

In Art, Newcastle is entitled to a position which can be claimed by no other town of its dimensions. It has produced the two Richardsons, Luke Clennell, Carmichael, J. H. Mole, James Peel, and some score other artists with scarcely less title to distinction. Richardson the elder founded an "Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts" in Newcastle. At its first exhibition, held in 1822, Martin, David Cox, the two Landseers, Varley, and Copley Fielding were exhibitors. Some years later, in conjunction with H. P. Parker and Carmichael, Richardson contrived to build an Academy of Arts, to which he and the last-named painter were so devoted that they rented houses adjoining it on either side. It was at one of the exhibitions held here that Richardson exclaimed to a local amateur who was busy touching up his picture, "Gamboge, do you never glaze any?" "Yes," replied Gamboge; "do ye want a square put in?" The Academy of Arts is now a saloon room, the attempt to found annual exhibitions at so early a period having conspicuously failed. Three years ago, however, a new Arts Association was founded, and so far it has held Exhibitions of unusual excellence, though its success otherwise has not been such as to greatly encourage its promoters. Newcastle still continues to send able painters to London, as, for instance, John Charlton and John Surtees. So far it has contrived to retain H. H. Emmerson and Robert Jobling; but it may be anticipated that before long the latter, at least, will go to the way of all artists, and seek a wider public in the great Babylon.

L'ENVOI

AND now it is time that I should bring this roundabout gossip to an end. I have exhausted my space, and, I fear, the reader's patience. To know the people of this Northern borough one should reside amongst them. Should that ever be the reader's lot he will find them uncommonly hard-headed, keen at a bargain, sceptical about things in general, as "arbitrary" as John Forster in their manners, rude in their speech, disposed to take an advantage rather than to yield one, and yet, withal, kindly and hospitable to strangers and true as steel to friends. One word more to the reader before I close. It is a vulgar error to suppose that Newcastle is in Scotland. The inhabitants neither speak Gaelic nor wear kilts.

AARON WATSON

THE GRAPHIC

stairs. The door of the room—our old room, on the first floor—was half open. Within—oh, my heart!—I saw my lord sitting at the table, with paper before him, pen in hand. I dared not at the table, with paper before him, pen in hand. I dared not wait, lest he might discover me, but hastened upstairs to Mrs. Dunquerque's room.

I was fortunate enough to find her at home. The captain was gone abroad, and had taken the children with him for a morning's walk. She sat at home, as usual, darning, mending, and making. But oh! the cry of pleasure and surprise when she saw me, and the kisses she gave me, and the praise at my appearance, and the questions after Mrs. Esther! I told her of all, including Sir Miles Lackington and Solomon Stallabas's good fortune. Then she began to tell me of herself. They were as poor as when we went away; but their circumstances had improved in one important particular; for though the captain was no more considerate (as I guessed from a word she dropped), and drank and gambled whenever he could, they had a friend who sent them without fail what was more useful to them than money—food and clothes for the children and their mother. She did not know who the friend was, but the supplies never failed, being as regular as those brought by the prophet's ravens.

I did not need to be told the name of this friend, for, in truth, I had myself begged the doctor to extend his charity to this poor family, and asked him to send them beef and pudding, which the children could eat, rather than money, which the captain would drink. This he promised to do. Truly, charity, in his case, ought to have covered a multitude of sins, for he had a hand ever open to give, and a heart to pity; moreover, he gave in secret, and never did his right hand know what his left hand was doing.

Then I opened my business to Mrs. Dunquerque, but only partially.

I told her that on the first-floor, in the rooms formerly occupied by ourselves, there was now a young gentleman, well known to Sir Miles Lackington, who had reason to be out of sight for a short time; that he was also known to myself—here I blushed, and my friend nodded and laughed, being interested, as all women are, in the discovery of a love secret; that I was anxious for his welfare; that I had made the excuse of paying a visit to the Doctor in order to be near him: that, in fact, I would be about him, wait upon him, and watch over him, without his knowledge of my presence.

"But he will most certainly know thee, child," she cried. "Tell me, my dear, is he in love with thee?"

"He says so," I replied. "Perhaps he tells the truth."

"And you? Oh, Kitty, to think of you only a year ago!"

"There is no doubt about me," I said; "for, oh! dear Mrs. Dunquerque, I am head over ears in love with him. Yet I will so contrive that he shall not know me, if you will help."

"And what can I do?"

"Make his acquaintance; go and see him; tell him that he must want some one to do for him; offer to send him your maid Phoebe—yes, Phoebe. Then I will go, and, if he speaks to me, which is not likely, I will answer in a feigned voice. Go, now, Mrs. Dunquerque. I will dress for Phoebe."

She laughed and went away.

My lord lifted his head as she knocked at the door.

"I ask your pardon, sir," she said, "for this intrusion. I live above you, upon the second-floor, with my husband and children. I suppose, sir, that, like the rest of us in this place, you come here because you cannot help it, and a pity it is to find so young a gentleman thus early shipwrecked."

"I thank you, madam," said my lord, bowing, "for this goodwill."

"The will is nothing, sir, because people in misfortune ought to help each other when they can. Therefore, sir, and because I perceive that your room is not what a gentleman's should be, being inch thick with dust, I will, with your permission, send down my maid when you go out, who may make you clean and tidy."

"I shall not go out," replied my lord; "but I thank you for the offer of the girl. I dare say the place might be cleaner."

"She is a girl, sir," replied Mrs. Dunquerque, "who will not disturb you by any idle chatter. Phoebe!" Here she stepped out upon the stairs. "Phoebe! Come downstairs this minute, and bring a duster."

When Phoebe came, she was a girl whose hair was pulled over her eyes, and she had the corner of her apron in her mouth; she wore a brown stuff frock, not down to her ankles; her hands were whiter than is generally found in a servant; her apron was of the kind which servant-maids use to protect their frocks, and she wore a great cap tied under the chin and awry, as happens to maids in the course of their work; in one respect, beside her hands, Phoebe was different from the ordinary run of maidservants—her shoes and stockings were so fine that she feared his lordship would notice them.

But he noticed her not at all—neither shoes, nor hands, nor cap, nor apron, which, though it was foolish, made this servant-girl feel a little pained.

"Phoebe," said Mrs. Dunquerque, "you will wait upon this gentleman, and fetch him what he wants. And now do but look at the dust everywhere. Saw one ever such untidiness? Quick, girl, with the duster, and make things clean. Dear me! to think of this poor gentleman sitting up to his eyes, as one may say, in a peck of dust!"

She stood in the room, with her work in her hand, rattling on about the furniture and the fineness of the day, and the brightness of the room, which had two windows, and the noise of the market, which, she said, the young gentleman would mind more than nothing at all, after a while. As for the dreadful language of the porters and fishwives, that, she said, was not pleasant at first, but after a little one got, so to say, used to it, and you no more expected that one of these wretches should speak without breaking the Third Commandment and shocking ears used to words of purity and piety, than you would expect his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury himself to use the language of the market. She advised the young gentleman, further, for his own good, not to sit alone and mope, but to go abroad and ruffle it with the rest, to keep a stout heart, to remember that Fortune frowns one day and smiles the next, being a deity quite capricious and untrustworthy; therefore that it behoved a young man to have hope; and she exhorted him in this end to seek out cheerful company, such as that of the great Doctor Shovel, the only Chaplain of the Fleet, as learned as a bishop and as merry as a monk: or even to repair to the prison and play tennis and racquets with the gentlemen therein confined: but, above all, not to sit alone and brood. Why, had he never a sweetheart to whom he could write and send sweet words of love, whereby the heart of the poor thing would be lightened and her affections fixed?

So she rattled on, while I, nothing loth, plied duster, and cleaned up furniture with a zeal surpassing that of any housemaid. Yet, because men never observe what is under their eyes, he observed nothing of all this activity. If I had crawled as slowly as possible over the work, it would have been all one to him.

Presently I came to the table at which he was sitting. This, too, was covered with dust. (It had been our table formerly, and had grown old in the service of the Pimpernel ladies.) I brushed away the dust with great care, and, in so doing, I saw that he had a letter before him, just begun. It commenced with these enchanting words:

"Love of my soul! My goddess Kitty—"

Oh that I could have fallen at his feet, then and there, and told him all! But I could not; I was afraid.

He had, as yet, written nothing more. But on a piece of paper

beside the letter he had traced the outlines of a woman's head. Whose head should it be, I ask you, but Kitty's?

I was amazed at the sight. My colour came and went.

"Phoebe," cried Mrs. Dunquerque, warningly, "be careful how you touch the papers! There, sir, we have your room straight for you. It looks a little cleaner than it did awhile since."

"Surely," he replied, without looking around. "Yes, I am truly obliged to you, madam. As for this girl"—still he would not look at me—"perhaps—"

He placed a whole crown-piece in my hand. A crown-piece for such a simple piece of work! Enough to make the best of housemaids grasping! This is how men spoil servants.

"Can I get you anything, sir?" I asked, in a feigned voice.

"Nothing, child, nothing. Stay—yes. One must eat a little sometimes. Get me some dinner by-and-by."

This was all for that time. We went away, and we spent the rest of the morning in making him such a little dinner as we thought must please him. First we got from the market a breast of veal, which we roasted with a little stuffing, and dished with a slice or two of bacon, nicely broiled, some melted butter made with care, and a lemon. This, to my mind, forms a dish fit for a prince. We added to this some haricot beans, with butter and sweet herbs, and a dish of young potatoes. Then we made a little fruit pudding and a custard, nicely browned, and, at two o'clock, put all upon a tray, and I carried it downstairs, still with my hair over my eyes, my cap still awry, and the corner of the apron still in my teeth.

I set the food before him and waited to serve him. But he would not let me.

Ah! had he known how I longed to do something for him, and what a happiness it was simply to make his dinner, to prepare his vegetables for him, and to boil his pudding! But how should he guess?

I found Sir Miles's bottle of wine untouched in the cupboard, and placed it on the table. Then I left him to his meal. When I returned, I found he had eaten next to nothing. One could have cried with vexation.

"Lord, sir," I said, still in my feigned voice, "if you do not eat you will be ill. Is there never a body that loves you?"

He started, but hardly looked at me.

"A trick of voice," he said. "Yet it reminded me—Is there anybody who loves me, child? I think there is. To be sure, there is some one whom I love."

"Then, sir, you ought to eat, if only to please her, by keeping well and strong."

"Well, well! I dare say I shall be hungry to-morrow. You can take away the things, Phoebe, if that is what they call you."

I could say no more, but was fain to obey. Then, as I could do no more for him, I took up the tray and resolved to go and see the Doctor, with whom I had much to say. Therefore I put off my servant's garb, with the apron and cap, and drew the hood over my face again.

The Doctor's busy time was in the morning. In the afternoon, after dinner, he mostly slept in his arm-chair, over a pipe of tobacco. I found him alone thus enjoying himself. I know not whether he slept or meditated, for the tobacco was still burning, though his eyes were closed.

There is this peculiarity about noise in London, that people who live in it, and sleep in it, do not notice it. Thus while there was a horrible altercation outside his very windows—a thing which happened every day, and all day long—the Doctor regarded it not at all. Yet he heard me open and shut the door, and was awake instantly.

"Kitty!" he cried. "Why, child, what dost thou here?"

"I hope, sir," I said, "that I find you in good health and spirits."

"Reasonable good, Kitty. A man of my years, be he never so temperate and regular in his habits, finds the slow tooth of Time gnawing upon him. Let me look at thy face. Humph! one would say that the air of Epsom is good for young maids' cheeks. But why in Fleet Market, child?"

"Partly, sir, I came to see you, and partly—"

"To see some one else, of whose lodging in the Rules I have been told by Sir Miles Lackington. Tell me—the young man whom he wounded, is he dead?"

"Nay, sir, not dead, but grievously wounded, and in a high fever."

"So. A man in early manhood, who has been wounded by a sword running through his vitals, who four days after the event is still living, though in a high fever—that man, methinks, is likely to recover, unless his physician, as is generally the case, is an ass. For, my dear, there are as many incompetent physicians as there are incapable preachers. Their name is Legion. Well, Kitty, you came about Lord Chudleigh. Have you seen him?"

"Yes; but, sir, he does not know that I am here. I saw him—here I blushed again—"in disguise as a housemaid."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the Doctor. "Why, girl, thou hast more spirit than I gave thee credit for. Thou deservest him, and shalt have him, too. The time is come." He rose and folded his gown about him, and put on his wig, which for coolness' sake he had laid aside. "I will go to him and say, 'My lord, the person to whom you were married is no other than—'"

"Oh! no, sir. I pray you do not speak to him in such fashion. Pray hear me first."

"Well—well. Let us hear this little baggage." The Doctor was in very good spirits, and eager to unfold his tale. He sat down again, however, and took up his pipe. "Go on, then, Kitty; go on—I am listening."

This was, indeed, a very critical moment of my life. For on this moment depended, I foresaw, all my happiness. I therefore hesitated a little, thinking what to say, and how to say it. Then I began.

I reminded my uncle that, when I first came under his protection, I was a young girl fresh from the country, who knew but little evil, suspected none, and in all things had been taught to respect and fear my betters. I then reminded him how, while in this discipline of mind, I was one morning called away by him, and ordered to go through a certain form which (granting that I well knew it to be the English form of Marriage Service) I could not really believe to mean that I was married. And though my uncle assured me afterwards that such was the case, I so little comprehended that it could be possible, that I had almost forgotten the whole event. Then, I said, we had gone away from the Rules of the Fleet, and found ourselves under happier circumstances, where new duties made me still more forget this strange thing. Presently we went to Epsom, whither, in the strangest way, repaired the very man I had married.

After this, I told him, the most wonderful thing in the world happened to me. For not only did my lord fall in love with me, his legal wife, but he gave me to understand that the only obstacle to his marrying me was that business in the Fleet, of which he informed me at length.

"Very good," said the Doctor. "Things could not go better. If the man has fallen in love with the girl, he ought to be pleased that she is his wife."

Nay: that would not do either: for here another thing of which the Doctor had no experience, being a man. For when a woman falls in love with a man she must needs make herself as virtuous and pure in mind as she is brave in her dress, in order the more to please him and fix his affection. And what sort of love would that be where a woman should glory, as it were, in deception?

Why, his love would be changed, if not into loathing, then into a lower kind of love, in which admiration of a woman's beauty forms the whole part. Now, if beauty is everything, even Helen of Troy would be a miserable woman, a month after marriage, when her husband would grow tired of her.

"Alas!" I cried, "I love him. If you tell him, as he must now be told, that I was the woman who took a part in that shameful business—yes, sir, even to your face I must needs call it shameful—you may tell him at once that I release him so far as I can. I will not acknowledge the marriage. I will go into no court of law, nor will I give any evidence to establish my rights—"

"Whom God hath joined asunder—" the Doctor began.

"Oh! I know—I know. And you are a clergyman of the Church, with power and authority by laying on of hands. Yet I cannot think, I cannot feel that any blessing of Heaven could rest upon a union performed in such a place. Is this room, nightly desecrated by revellers, a church? Is your profligate wretch Roger a clerk? Where were the banns put up? What bells were rung?"

"Banns are no longer fashionable," he replied. "But let me think." He was not angry with my plainness of speech, but rather the contrary. "Let me think." He went to his cupboard, took out his great register, and turned over the leaves. "Ay! here it is, having a page to itself: Geoffrey Lord Chudleigh to Catherine Pleydell. Your ladyship is as truly Lady Chudleigh as his mother was before him. But if you will give up that title and dignity"—here he smiled and tore out the page, but carefully—"I will not baulk thee, child. Here is the register, and here the certificate of the wedding." He put both together, and laid them carefully aside. "Come to me to-morrow, and I will then go with you to his lordship, and give him these papers to deal with as he pleases."

(To be continued)



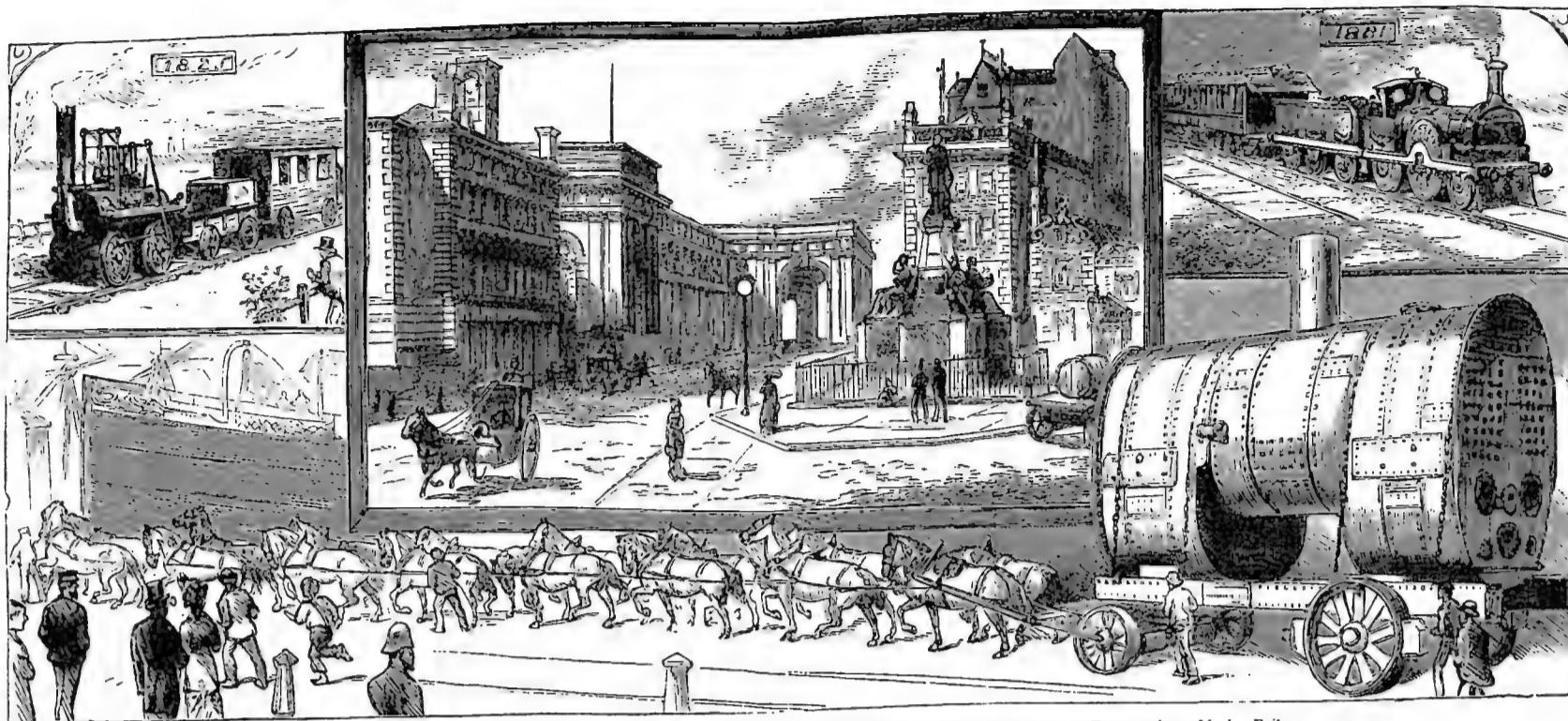
ALTHOUGH Fashion decrees that we must pass the glorious month of June in town, out-door fêtes, garden parties, and water parties in the far-away suburbs, and even many miles from London, are eagerly engaged in, especially by young folks, and where they go their elders are bound to follow. Weddings are as plentiful this month as are roses, and at no other time of year is there such scope for bright and elegant toilettes, when real flowers are to be had in such profusion. Rose weddings are very effective, and in them the rage for shading may be carried out thus:—For the bride the purest white roses should be selected, whilst half the number of bridesmaids, say six, not less, should wear, the youngest of the group, blushing pink rosebuds, the eldest the deepest crimson roses, whilst the four intermediates must shade upwards. Six more bridesmaids should wear from cream to the deepest yellow roses; if well chosen and artistically blended, the effect is very charming.

The dresses to be worn are of white Madras muslin; the bodices finely gaged, back and front, six inches down from the throat, then a space left full, after which the gaging is repeated for three inches to the round waist. The skirt is gathered half-a-yard below the waist; then it is left plain for half-a-yard, after which are alternate box-pleated flounces and puffings. A satin scarf, edged with silver or gold fringe, the colour of the roses worn, and a satin band to match. The sleeves are made with alternate gaging and puffs from the shoulder to the wrist; muslin mob caps, with roses—a small basket of roses in the hand.

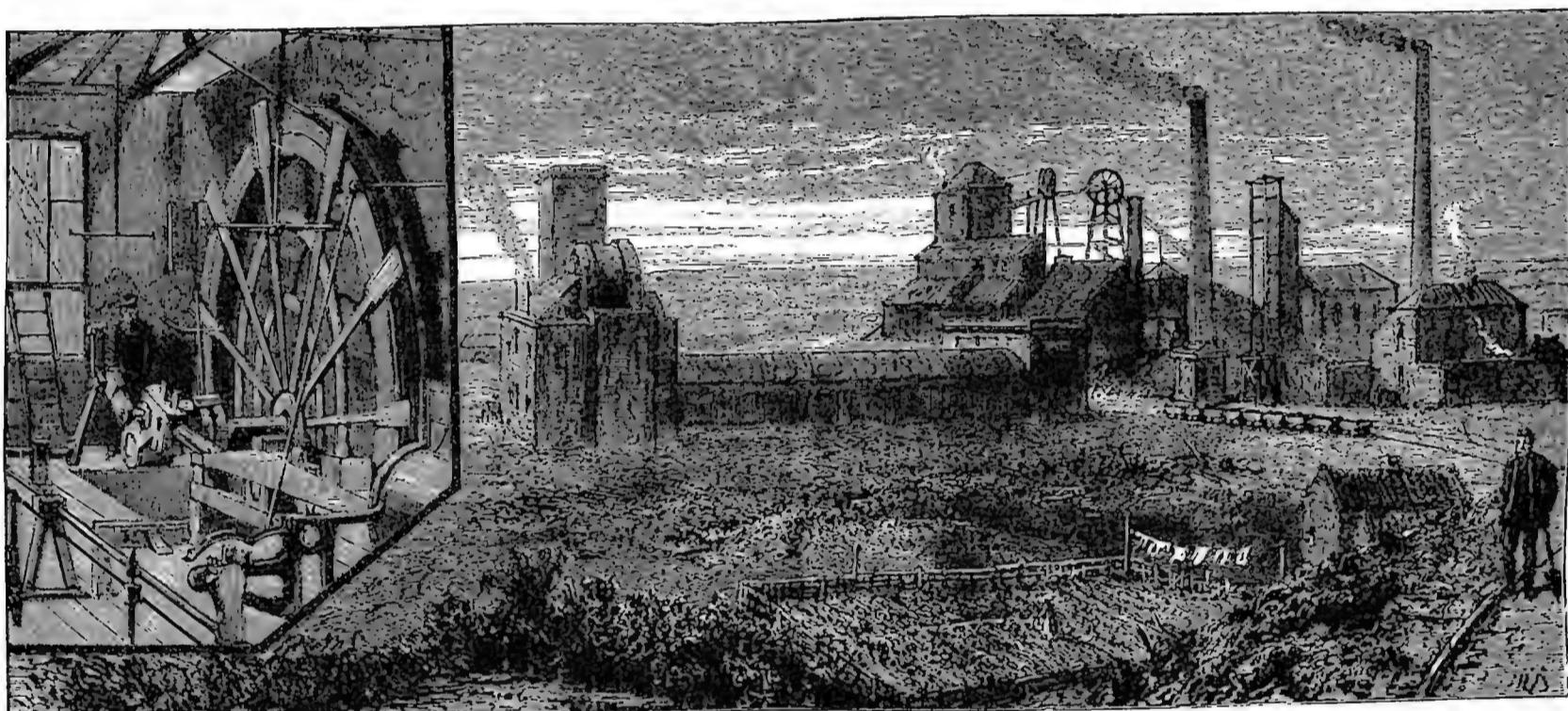
Daisy weddings are less costly, and look very simple. The dresses may be made, as above, of very pale green or pink satin; bonnets, wreaths, and bouquets of field daisies and grass. Half-a-dozen of the Princess small bonnets may be made up with flowers, if a frame be prepared of wire, ribbon-plaited together, each stalk inserted separately and fastened with fine wire. The stalks should not be cut off close, but left loose; a lining of silk or satin extending from the front to the crown, where it is drawn up with a string, protects the hair from straggling ends. Buttercups, blue-bells, or ferns may be used for these bonnets, and will not only last a day but look very original. The lace-straw bonnets so fashionable this season, although made in large as well as very small shapes, are great improvements upon the coarse straws, which were very hot and heavy. Some of the bonnets of the day are very pretty in front, with a moderate-sized poke, which shades the eyes, but the enormous crowns, suggestive of water on the brain, are really hideous. The close-fitting bonnet trimmed with shaded ribbon simply folded across the front, with wide satin strings tied under the chin, is more popular than becoming; to look really well it requires a small face and regular features. By the addition of a wide ostrich feather this shape may be made much more generally becoming. In this age, when every part of the toilette must correspond, a very useful bonnet is made of Tuscan lace straw lined with black velvet, and trimmed with folds of black velvet; on the left side a large velvet bow, the rather wide strings rounded at the ends, and either fastened together at the back or in front according to fancy. Another useful bonnet is of black or white lace straw lined with white or cream satin, and a full, long cream-coloured shaded feather.—Hats are still worn large of the Gainsborough and Watteau school, and generally trimmed with ostrich feathers, the longer the better; it is often difficult to know a hat from a bonnet, excepting for strings or non-strings. For outdoor evening fêtes the Spanish mantilla will be much worn, for its folds protect the throat and chest, and it really looks very *piquante* with a full-blown rose nestling therein.

"Studies in yellow" are amongst the most fashionable hues of the day. "Sunset" is a shade which merges from yellow into red; "Aureol" is the name of a new colour obtained by some secret process from gamboge, a pigment which artists find so perishable but which is rendered permanent enough for millinery purposes. A one time the mixture of red and yellow would have been tabooed a vulgar and glaring, but so skilfully are the shades blended and combined in silks, satins, flowers, and feathers, that some of the costume worn at fêtes are veritable works of art, whilst others, alas! are just the reverse.

A real boon to those whose means are limited is sateen, which this season is more beautiful than ever, whether for morning or evening toilettes; for the former it comes boldly to the fore, for the latter it serves as a background to daintily laces and muslins. We may remind our readers that our fashion article is not written for those who can afford to dress in costly apparel,—for them there are materials of the richest description, made up by *artistes* of excellent taste; but there are many folks who, like the fox in the fable, must be content to gaze upon the unattainable grapes in the distance. For morning dresses very pretty costumes are made in coffee-coloured sateen, trimmed with lace of a lighter shade; myrtle green and dark blue, trimmed with cream-coloured lace gathered on in profusion. These may be worn by matrons and others who are troubled with *embonpoint*. For the young and slender a wide choice is offered—monotones, semitones, and tones in drabs and greys, so cool and pleasing to the eye. A stylish mode of making up the Pompadour chintzes is with a skirt of plain sateen, three box-pleated narrow flounces at the edge of the skirt, a tunic of Pompadour chintz, open at the left side to the hip, to show a series of narrow flounces. Another pretty style is a polonaise caught back in front, with a thick cord and tassels on each side, to show a flounced petticoat. The old fashion of three flounces is revived for



1. George Stephenson's First Locomotive.—2. A Locomotive of the Present.—3. The Stephenson Monument.—4. Transporting a Marine Boiler.
SOME OF THE WORKS OF STEPHENSON AND HIS SUCCESSORS

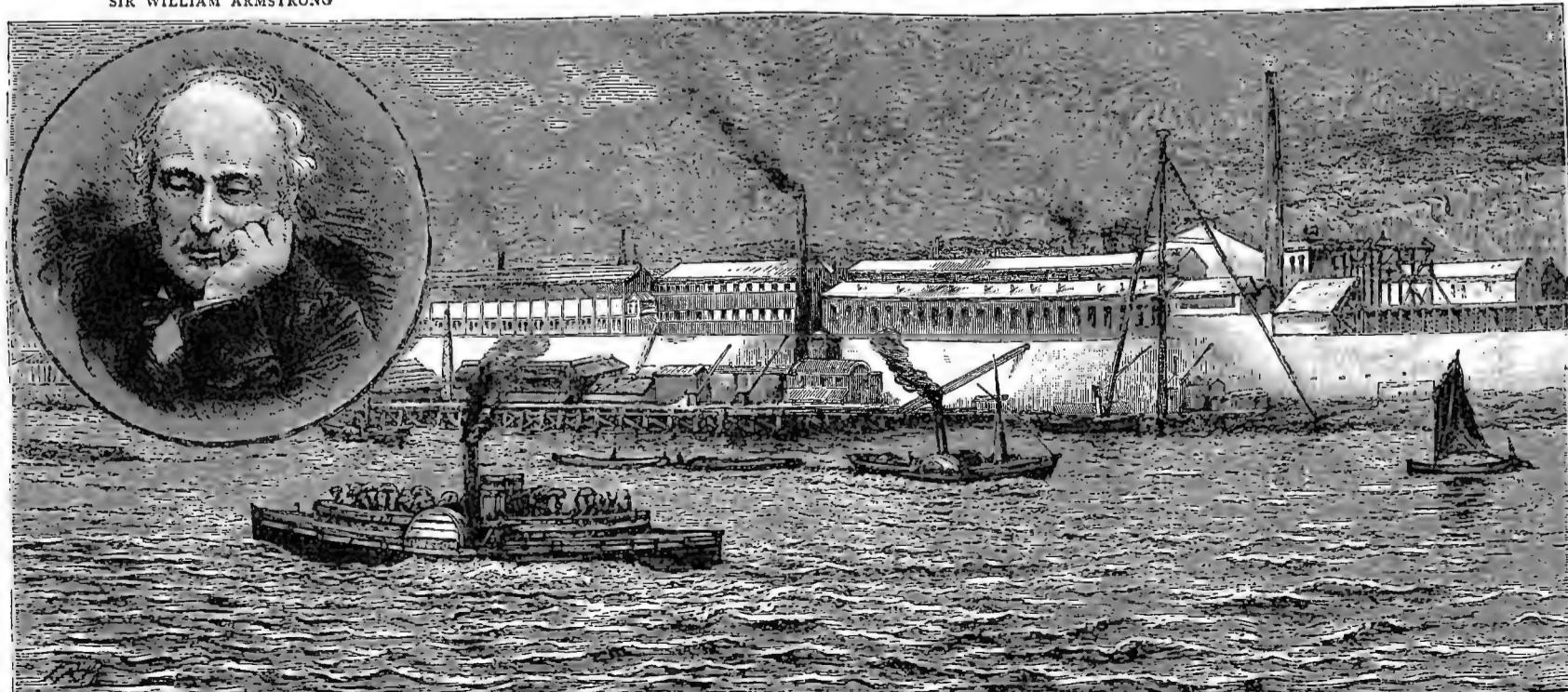


The Winding Machinery

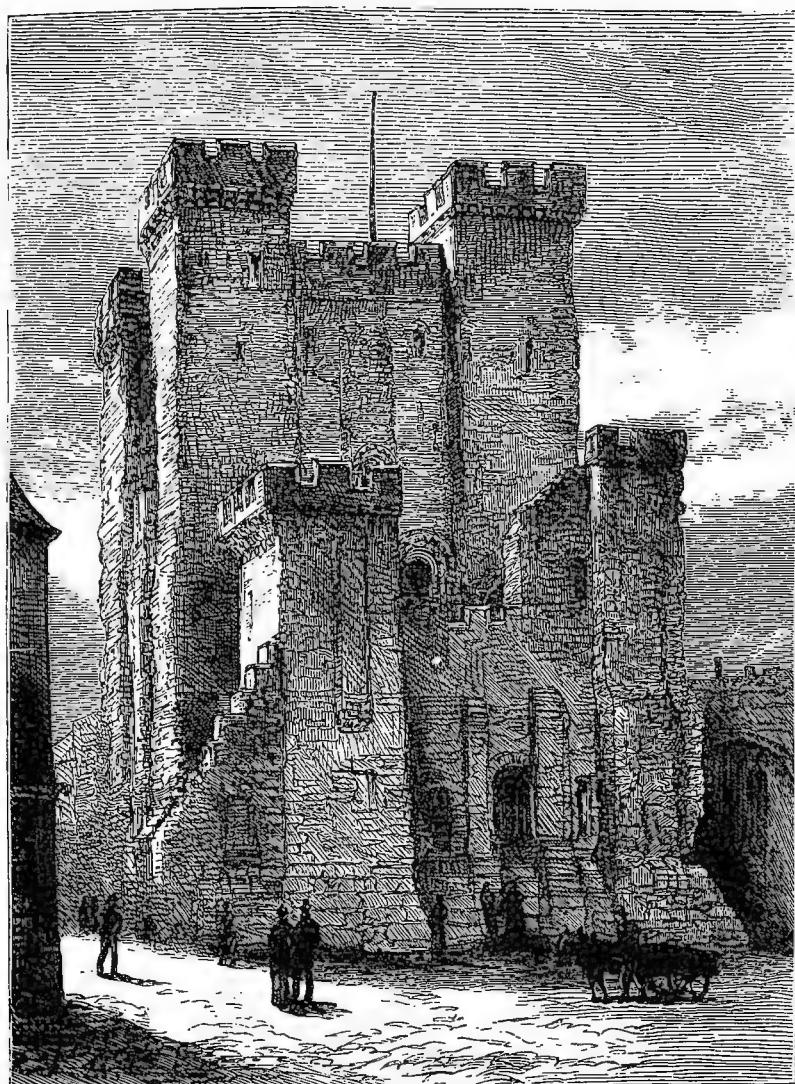
USWORTH COLLERY

General View

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG



ELSWICK WORKS



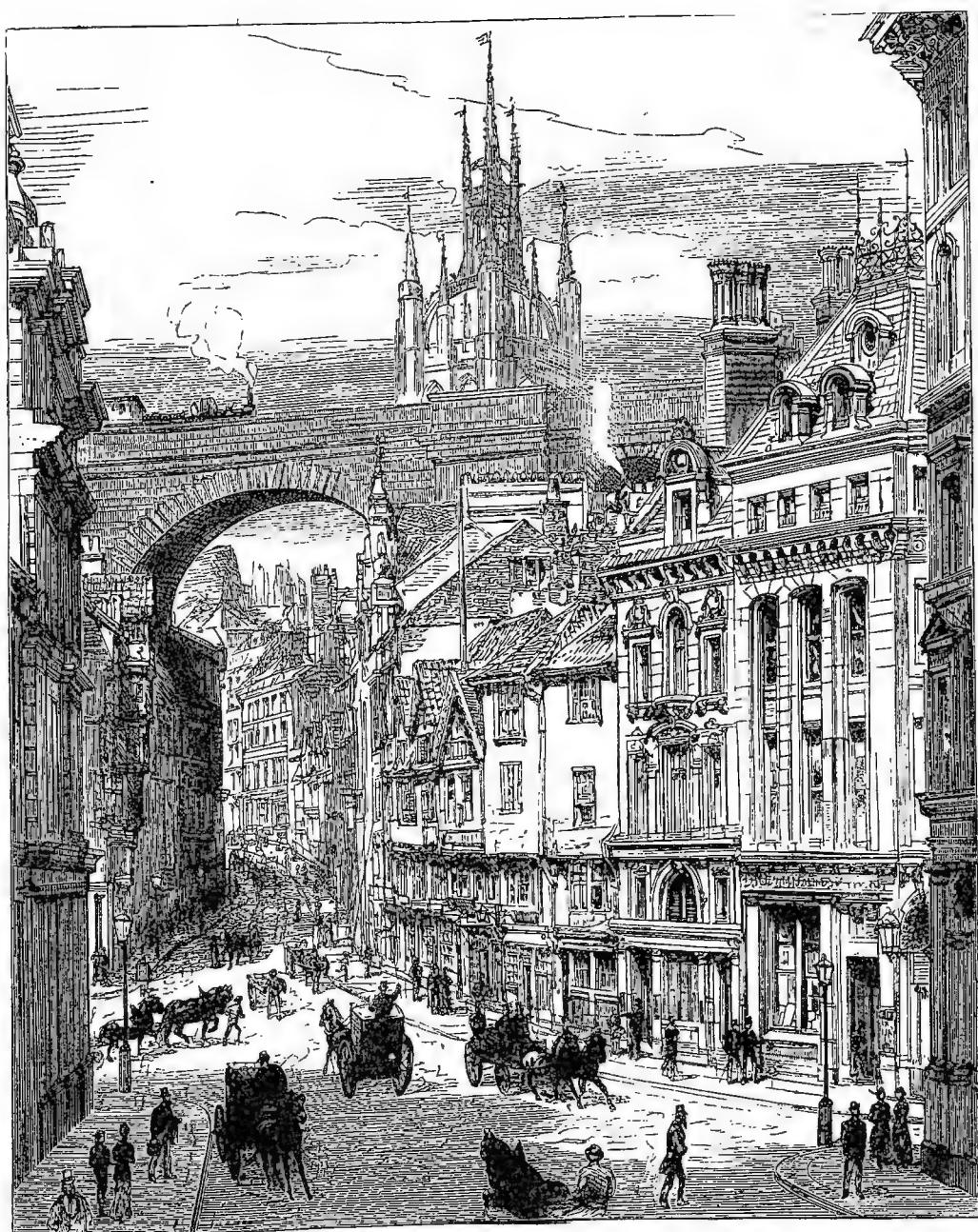
THE OLD CASTLE



CASTLE GARTH



STAIRS, CASTLE GARTH



DEAN STREET

muslin skirts, over which are worn square-tailed coats of brocaded velvet, silk, or satin.

Short waists are decidedly in vogue, and with them are often worn bands made of satin folds, which make the figure look clumsy. Young slender girls wear bodices cut on the cross without a seam, but they require the greatest nicety in cutting and placing. The reign of plain bodices and tight sleeves is over, they must now be draped, or gathered, or puffed; the leg-of-mutton sleeve has again appeared. Of course tight-fitting jackets must for a time retire, small pelerines, with long ends, either looped through in front or tied behind, made to match the costume, of lace or muslin, black or white, being now worn. The new dust cloaks at first sight appear as though they would crush the dainty garments they are intended to protect, but such is not the case; they are made of thin alpaca, grey or drab, waterproofed, of the Mother Hubbard form, the back, the sleeves, and saddle are gathered; this wrap fits quite loosely. Black will be worn throughout the summer, more or less; black net skirts embroidered in steel bugles are very fashionable. Large Elizabethan ruffs, worked in silk, steel, silver, or gold, mounted on a wire frame, may be seen at dinner parties, but very few look well in them, and many look absurd. Square-cut low bodices are made high, with yokes of silk *tulle*, composed of tiny puffs, sleeves to match; pearl or crystal beads are effectively introduced. Artistic young ladies of fourteen or thereabouts wear simple dresses of muslin or nun's cloth, made with a yoke and fastened in at the waist with a wide ribbon sash tied in two large bows and ends.



To paint rocks properly, a man is bound to know something of geology. The woolpacks and magnified dog's teeth, that used to do duty for all kinds of strata indiscriminately, will no longer satisfy even the least exacting. Artists like Mr. Brett and Art-critics like Mr. Ruskin have taught us that every formation has its distinctive character. Mr. J. E. Lee, in his "Note-Book of an Amateur Geologist" (Longmans) brings a good many of these visibly before us. The prismatic lava of Torre del Greco, the basalt of the Giant's Causeway and of Le Puy en Velay, the semi-basaltic granite of the Land's End and Logan, the Wenlock shales of Gotland, the natural arch at Oxwich Bay in Gower, are some of the most characteristic of his plates. They number over 200, and are a study for the painter as well as for the geologist. It is a grand thing to be able to give in a few lines the true features of a landscape; indeed the knowledge which it implies is as essential to the painter of scenery as anatomy is to the figure-painter. Of course Mr. Lee's book will delight the geologist, and his pleasant reminiscences of Professor Phillips, and "the young man of the name of Judd," will recall youthful days to many a veteran. Villa Syracusa, Mr. Lee's home at Torquay, seems to have a splendid collection of fossils, of several of which—among them a huge skull of a Russian cave bear—he gives engravings. Our only complaint is that he has followed his note-book instead of grouping together the same rocks. Hence we have to leap from Baarlacombe Sands to Gerolstein and Pulvermoor in the Eifel, from Wisby to the Diablerets, and so on.

The supply of African literature seems inexhaustible; of course when one has been for months striving with wild nature and wilder man, one feels that one has something to say, and that there ought to be no lack of attentive listeners. Nor would there be, if every African explorer wrote with the *verve* of Mr. J. Thompson, F.R.G.S. His own frequent attacks of fever and delirium had no more power to crush his cheerfulness than the sad death of his promising comrade, Mr. Keith Johnston. He is always good company, whether he is poking fun at the comically unsuccessful Belgians of the International Exploration, whose ignorance of geography was as marvellous as the meanness whereby they disgusted the present-loving natives, or describing the "one-eyed tribe," or listening to poor Abbé Dobaize's hurdy-gurdy. Let those laugh who win; and Mr. Thompson got from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika and back without the loss of a yard of cloth or a single porter. His men, headed by the well-known Chuma, learned to love him, though he kept to the old economical system of rationing, instead of the wastefully expensive plan which he seems to charge on the Missionary Societies. He always had the reins well in hand, though he didn't mind being talked of now and then as "Chuma's white man," Gelkie's pupil, he naturally makes geology a strong point. His view of the mineral riches of Central Africa differs widely from that of other explorers. Let Wolverhampton take courage; the iron is not in whole mountains, but only in nodules. There is nothing worth bringing down from the interior but ivory; and the elephant (wholly useless, he shows, as a beast of burden) is rapidly being exterminated. It is encouraging to find that since Livingstone's day things are vastly improved in East Central Africa. To Livingstone, to Dr. Kirk, and to Seyd Burghash the improvement is mainly due, though the Missions—Livingstonia of the Free Kirk, Blantyre, &c.—have done "solid civilising work." Your true missionary must be a craftsman and not a preacher; he must be content to teach by his life and conduct. Mr. Thompson may well claim the name for himself, for besides his care of his men—a care which they repaid by exemplary faithfulness—he "is justly proud that on no occasion did he ever allow himself to fire a gun either for offensive or defensive purposes." We wish we had space for a longer notice of this record of the latest effort of our Royal Geographical Society. Everybody ought to read it; for, despite the literary inexperience for which Mr. Thompson claims our indulgence, it is full of adventure and information, and also of fun.

"The Balance Sheet of the World, 1870-1880," by M. G. Mulhall, F.S.S. (Stanford), is startlingly *couleur de rose*. We have had depression at home dinned into us as a consequence of Tory rule; the same depression we were told existed in the United States and other places where Tories are scarce. And yet we find the last decade has been "an almost unchequered career of prosperity and growing wealth"; and so improved is the financial condition of mankind that "the earnings of nations have risen in twice the ratio of the population." Facts, therefore, being stubborn things, if any one is forced to believe in depression he must look on his own as an exceptionally hard case. In 1890 we shall have safer ground for grumbling; for by that time, thinks Mr. Mulhall, the United States will have given us the go-by in industries, as they have France in accumulated wealth, they themselves having been outstripped by Sweden and Norway in the carrying trade by sea. Confessedly our agriculture has declined, and the balance of trade is heavily against us, but this we are assured is a sign of prosperity; countries like Russia and Spain, whose exports exceed imports, are steeped in poverty. Yet "Spain has most money compared with national industry." Such amusing puzzles may be thoroughly worked out by the help of Mr. Mulhall's tables. He takes credit to himself for solving the riddle that "the port entries of all nations have risen 61 per cent., while the shipping of all flags has only increased 16 per cent.;" the fact is a steamer counts not threefold but fivefold. Happily for us, our steam tonnage has vastly increased. The book is an indispensable adjunct to the Census report.

"The Dictionary of the English Church" (Wells Gardner) is not meant to supersede the "Churchwarden's Guides" and volumes of Ecclesiastical law. It aims at being at once a trustworthy book of

reference to authoritative sources for those who wish to meddle with the tangle of Church law, and also a fund of information on Church matters in general. The constant references to ecclesiastical statutes are valuable; and the whole work is carefully compiled, and sets right many errors. The range is wide—from trifles like faldstool, the Bishop's folding stool on his journeys, wrongly applied to the stool from which the Litany is sung, to such weighty matters as Tithes and Vestries. It will be well to remind our Ritualist brethren that "the short surplice adopted by the Roman Church is, Cardinal Bona confesses, a corruption. Stephen of Tonmay, A.D. 1180, says the surplice reached to the feet." We should have been glad, by the way, to know when the now universal "Diocesan Councils" began. The book supplies a long-felt want; we trust correspondents will carry out the compiler's suggestion, and send him additions and corrections for a second edition.

"The Way to Fortune" (Marshall Japp and Co.) is an anonymous series of refreshingly brief essays, founded, for the most part, on proverbs, and illustrated with various anecdotes, mostly old. The book begins with "Beginnings" and ends with "Luck." The thought suggested by the latter, viz., that after all luck has a great deal to do with fortune, is not exactly what the author intends to convey. In spite of their brevity, however, the articles are very dull.—Rather more to the purpose, in these hard times, is Finn-Bec's contribution to the Mayfair Library, "The Cupboard Papers" (Chatto and Windus). These papers are a very useful, suggestive collection of observations and reflections on the great art of living. Unlike most of the companion volumes of the series, it is distinctly practical, and though a good deal of its matter can scarcely be called new, it is put before one in a thoroughly pleasant way, and is none the less important and deserving of earnest attention. This it will the more easily gain, perhaps, because it is charmingly written.—"Shakespere and Holy Writ" (Marcus Ward and Co.) is a curious little volume of so-called parallel passages, tabularly arranged, by W. H. Malcolm, with "Forewords," by Mr. Furnivall. Most of the passages, however, are not "parallel," by a long way. For instance, under "Anger," we find

To be in anger is impurity—
But who is man that is not angry?

opposite the well-known verse in Proverbs, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." How these passages can be called "parallel" we cannot see; yet they are typical of the majority of the quotations in the book.—The third volume of "Cassell's Monthly Library" is scarcely equal to its predecessors. In "Boswell and Johnson" (Why not "Johnson and Boswell?") Dr. J. F. Waller has attempted to give in a small compass an idea, not only of the Doctor and his biographer, but also of the literary circle of their time. The attempt is not wholly satisfactory, and though we are glad to see a good word for Boswell, who has not been very justly dealt with by posterity, we cannot say that Dr. Waller has succeeded in his effort, so portentously spoken of in his preface, to condense the "Life."—Why, when a man goes a voyage, does he think it necessary to write a book? "Nine Colonies," by Fritz Geroldt (Chapman and Hall), is one of those volumes which every now and then appear to puzzle the world in general and the reviewer in particular. It is a very slight and chatty chronicle of what seems to have been a pleasant voyage; but what interest it can have for any one but the author, we quite fail to perceive.—The season of tourists, native and foreign, is at hand, and guide-books are beginning to appear as usual. A third edition of Baedeker's capital "Handbook for London" (Dulau and Co.) will be invaluable to all strangers and visitors in the metropolis. It has been thoroughly revised to date, and considerably augmented, particular attention having been given to the descriptions of the great public collections, including those at Hampton Court and Dulwich. Some of these accounts are by Dr. Jean Paul Richter, whilst the Rev. Robert Gwynne has contributed many corrections and historical and topographical data. The very useful maps and plans, too, are again a prominent feature of the Guide. They have been specially revised, and are placed in a separate cover at the end of the book, and can be removed if desired, the plan of the city being conveniently divided into three sections of different colours. The "excursions" include such distant places as Salisbury, and even the Isle of Wight. Altogether, this is a most comprehensive and convenient guide.

It was hardly to be expected that the Stephenson Centenary should pass by without more or less substantial literary record. Accordingly, we have a "Centenary Edition" of Mr. Smiles' admirable "Life of George Stephenson" (John Murray), which certainly will not suffer from lack of readers. The opportunity is likewise seized by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Co. for a re-issue of Mr. Michael Reynolds's well-known works on "Locomotive Engine Driving"—unique in its way—"The Model Locomotive Engineer," and also of his more recently published "Engine Driving Life." With these is also issued yet another work by Mr. Reynolds—"Stationary Engine Driving." It is of too technical a character for us to notice it at length; but it appears to deal very thoroughly with an important subject; and the author's long experience, extending over a quarter of a century, with steam engines of all kinds, is sufficient guarantee that the book is authoritative, and to be relied upon.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION is now sitting four days a week in London. Last week, several of the largest North-Country cattle breeders and farmers gave evidence. The plan of the Commissioners' operations has been laid out in this wise:—They started at the point to which they have returned, the investigation of English agriculture. They examined witnesses from the "Woods and Forests" office, and from the Ecclesiastical Commission. The "demands" of Ireland then called them to the Sister Island, which monopolised their attention for a considerable time. In the earlier part of the present year they "went into" the subject of Scottish agriculture. Now they have returned to England. When that branch is finished, it is understood the Commissioners will receive evidence with regard to the general reform of the Land Laws. We complained last week of the length of time spent over these inquiries, but we would not have the Commissioners' devoted labours and important services forgotten. Their task is a gigantic one, and if completed this year, the agricultural interest should insist on an Agricultural Session in 1882. Because English agriculturists are not numbered among "the sects which brawl" their wants are always pushed into the background. And yet Heaven knows, by the witness of hundreds of ruined homes, how deep in England is agricultural distress. It was not for nothing last week that two great English dioceses held a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. At the present time, when Nature wears her most smiling face, there is not a county in England free from the sight of lands uncultivated and farms untilled. There are probably a thousand farms vacant in five Eastern counties alone. Agricultural distress is indeed no idle outcry or complaint without depth and foundation.

VACANT FARMS.—It is significant that as good a landlord as Lord Leicester should find it difficult to get tenants. Lord Leicester has even advertised for tenants, and there are no game reservations

whatsoever. The answers have been both few and unsatisfactory, and at the present time there are several farms absolutely vacant. This is in Norfolk; in Suffolk there are landlords offering farms for a year, and even longer, rent free.

BIRMINGHAM DAIRY SHOW.—Entries are now completed, and a very good exhibition is promised. The number of entries are—cattle 122, goats 22, cheese, butter, and cream 352, bees' hives and honey 20, eggs and poultry 615, wool 13, implements and appliances 117.

IRISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—We regret to note that these useful bodies are generally on the decline. They have been especially useful in introducing improved breeds of cattle, but their cattle shows have dwindled in three years to one-third of their old number. The Irish Royal Agricultural Society will hold no Show this year, neither will the Carlow Society. This latter once flourishing body is, indeed, in the pangs of dissolution. A most urgent circular, addressed to sixty-one leading agriculturists in the county, has been answered by seven only—six landlords and one tenant farmer. General disorder and distrust are ruining agricultural Ireland, and the evil influence of the Land League has done far more than balance the benignity of Nature in the abundant harvests of 1880 and the general good promise of the present year.

CATTLE DISEASE.—We are sorry to have to record an increase in contagious cattle disease. Restrictions appear to have been removed rather too soon. In Cheshire there have been five fresh outbreaks, and 104 animals have been attacked. In Leicestershire the disease has spread rapidly since the Market Harborough and Leicester May fairs.

FIRM BUTTER WITHOUT ICE.—An useful way of cooling butter in hot weather without ice is by the process of evaporation. This process may be managed with a very large-sized porous earthen flower-pot, and a large saucer. Half-fill the saucer with water, set on it a trivet, or light stand; upon this set your butter; over the whole invert the flower-pot, letting the top rim of it rest in and be covered up by the water; then close the hole in the bottom of the flower-pot with a cork; then dash water over the flower-pot, and repeat the process several times a day, or whenever it looks dry.

RAM SALE.—A large ram sale was recently held at Banbury. There was a good demand and a spirited sale. All the rams were sold and the average price was 9*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* a head.

THE WASTE LANDS OF YORKSHIRE are very extensive, and at the present time it seems a great pity that they are not utilised. Much of the land bears a valuable deposit of peat, which might with a little enterprise be worked to great advantage and profit. Rabbit warrens might be formed. The rabbits would thrive, and where rabbits thrive their fecundity is enormous. Most proprietors, however, are content to make what they can out of grouse-lettings, which do not increase the general wealth or food production of the country.



MR. PAYN has not been so skilful as usual in the construction of "From Exile" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus). It enters into a too hopeless rivalry with the Tichborne case—what Fiction, however daring, can hope to fight with such fact as that upon its own ground, and come off equal? But, more than that, Mr. Payn goes far to spoil the interest of his story by letting the reader know or guess everything from the beginning. That is artistic in many cases, but when the novel is of Miss Braddon's earlier school, and depends entirely and exclusively upon the invention and solution of a mystery, the process is well-nigh fatal. Mr. Payn compels us to wonder at the stupidity of people who let themselves be deceived for half an hour—not that they were really stupid, or that their credulity was in the least really improbable, but that we become impatient with them for not seeing what is made by the author so perfectly plain. We are spared the detective, both professional and amateur; which is something to be thankful for in a story of this kind. The author has certainly most efficiently concealed the nature of his *dénouement*, but this also loses its intended effect, when it comes, by overstepping the bound which divides the intentionally horrible from the unintentionally comical. The villain of the plot—and a most thoroughly-paced villain he is—gets boiled to death while preparing to boil his wife, a situation which suggests a burlesque upon sensation novels rather than the tragedy for which it appears to be, in all good faith, intended. But in all minor respects "From Exile" deserve considerable praise. It provides three stout volumes of exceedingly light and lively reading, full of smart sayings, and has not a dull page.

Something beyond—we dare not say above—a taste for light and lively reading is required for the due appreciation of Mrs. Oliphant's "Harry Joscelyn" (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett). Of story there is extraordinarily little, of character-painting, and that of an admirable kind, there is a great deal. More than in any of the works that Mrs. Oliphant has produced in such amazing fertility since she took to writing in a hurry, we see the hand of the authoress of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," and recognise the far-reaching eye which sees much where nobody else would see anything at all. The novel requires to be read at leisure, and with attention, in order to be enjoyed, but, with these conditions, enjoyment is assured. As often happens in novels of character, the portraits of the subordinate persons are the best and most finished. Harry Joscelyn himself is almost too priggishly honourable in the conduct of his love-affair to command himself to the masculine mind in general—probably not much to the feminine mind either. It is not wonderful that the girl he loved, but to whom he would not speak because her father did not wish it, thought him cold. However, it is something that the hero of a novel by a lady should be made almost too gentlemanly a gentleman, and we can readily pardon him for the sake of the less gentlemanly members of his ancient family, and more especially for that of his sister Joan. The whole novel is most pleasantly fresh and wholesome, and will well repay the expenditure of a little more attention than novels for the most part either ask or receive.

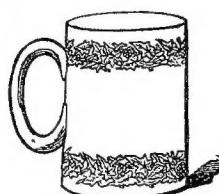
Something of the so-called realistic influence of the school of M. Zola is discernible in "Noirs et Rouges," par Victor Cherbuliez (troisième édition: Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie.). This novel, which deals with the relations between the Jesuits on the one side and the Atheistic Republicans on the other—represented by the "Blacks" and the "Reds"—is beautifully written and exquisitely finished; but M. Cherbuliez nevertheless appears by no means at his best in a work by whose uninviting nature he seems to be more or less weighed down. He has done better work, as in the case of his "Samuel Brohl," lately noticed in this column; but, when all is said, "Noirs et Rouges" still remains a powerful novel. The heroine, Jetta Maulabret, is most happily drawn, while her hospital experiences are eminently disagreeable. Her sentimental notions of self-sacrifice on religious grounds are well described in their various stages; and in the epistolary portion of the book her freshness of character is admirably displayed. Of humour there is rather more than is usually to be found in a French novel, seeing that an entire scene—the description of a *fête* given by a candidate for the *Conseil municipal* of Paris—rises to the level of downright fun. On the whole, the novel is to be recommended to all who are not afraid of a little that is unpleasant and of a great deal that is psychological.

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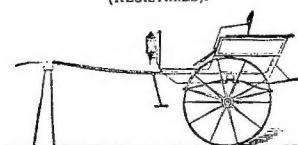
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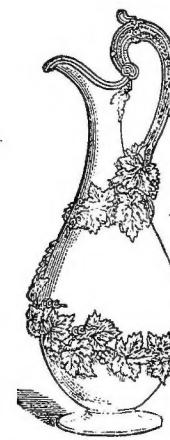
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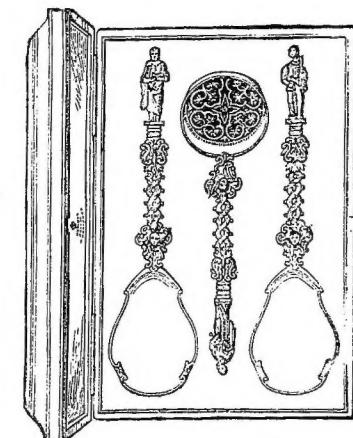
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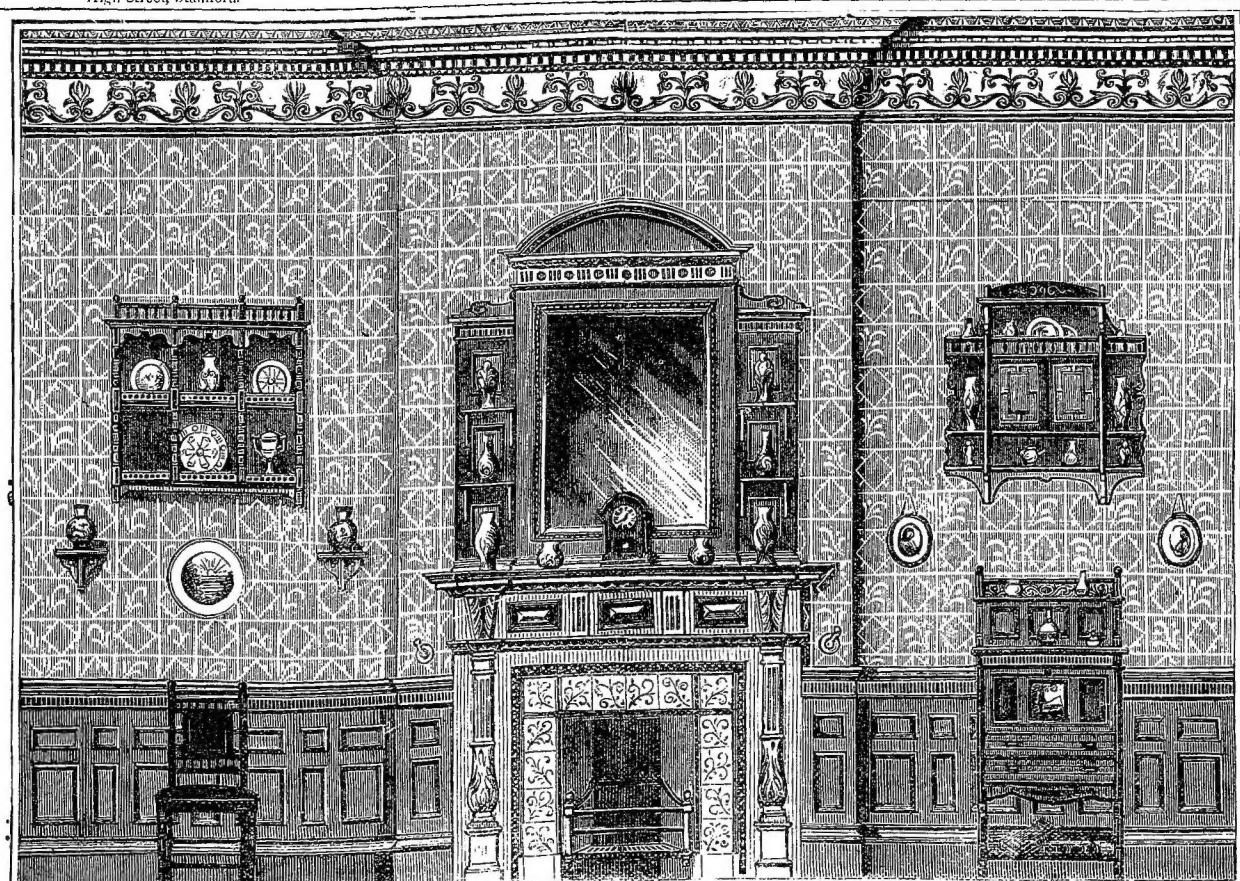
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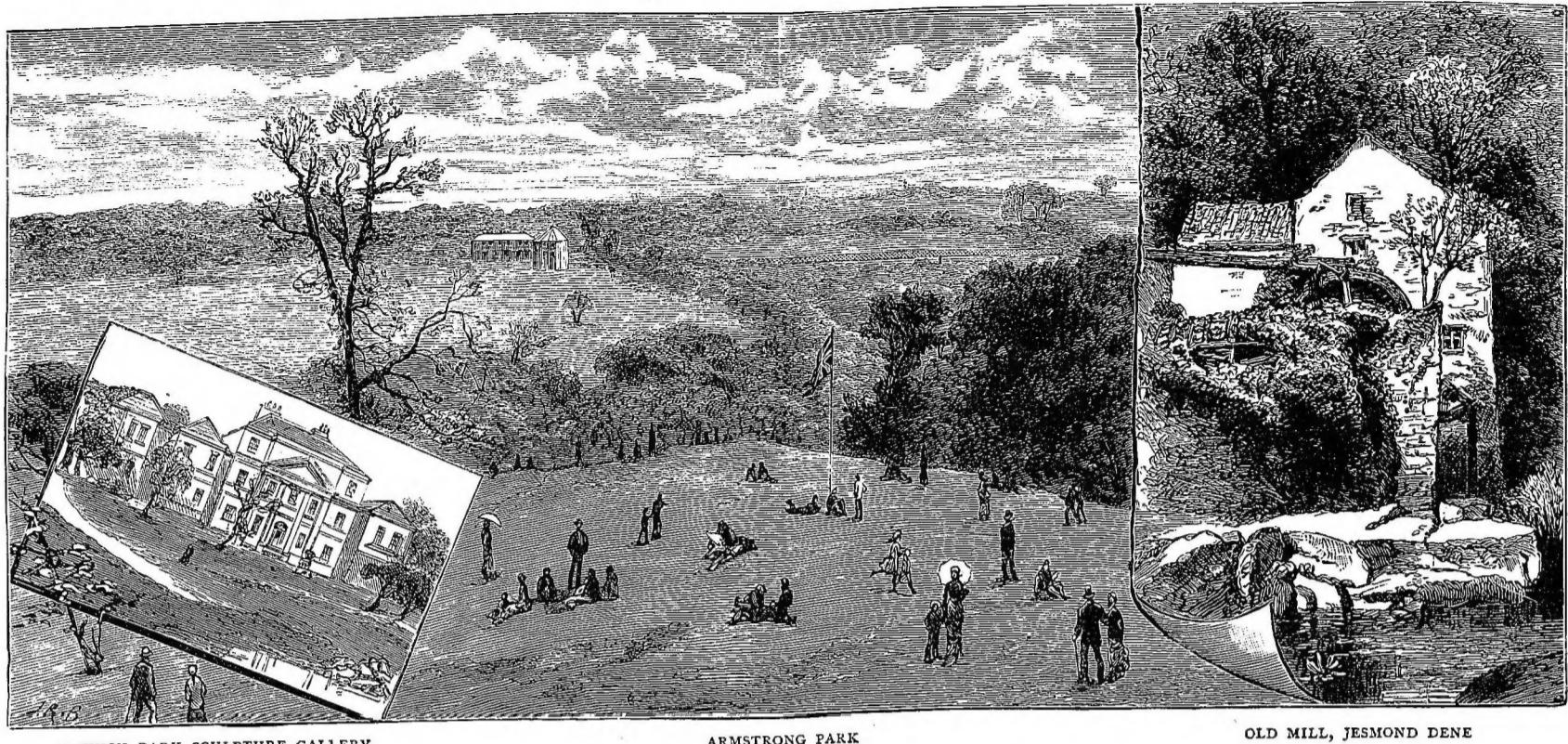
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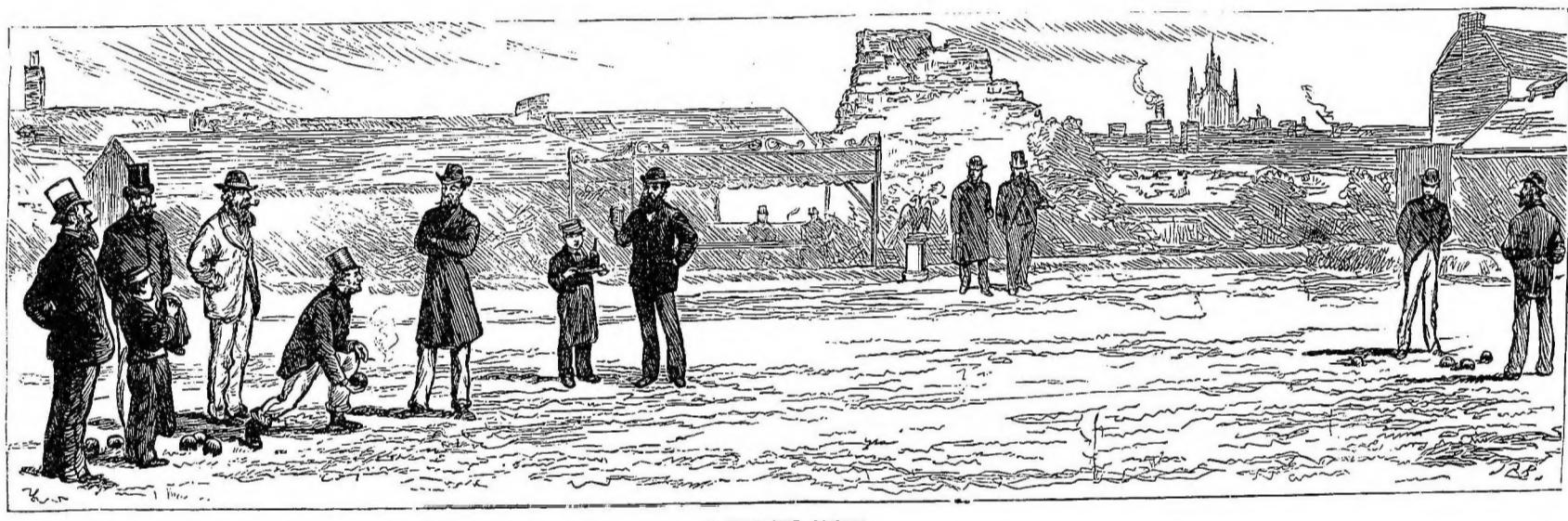
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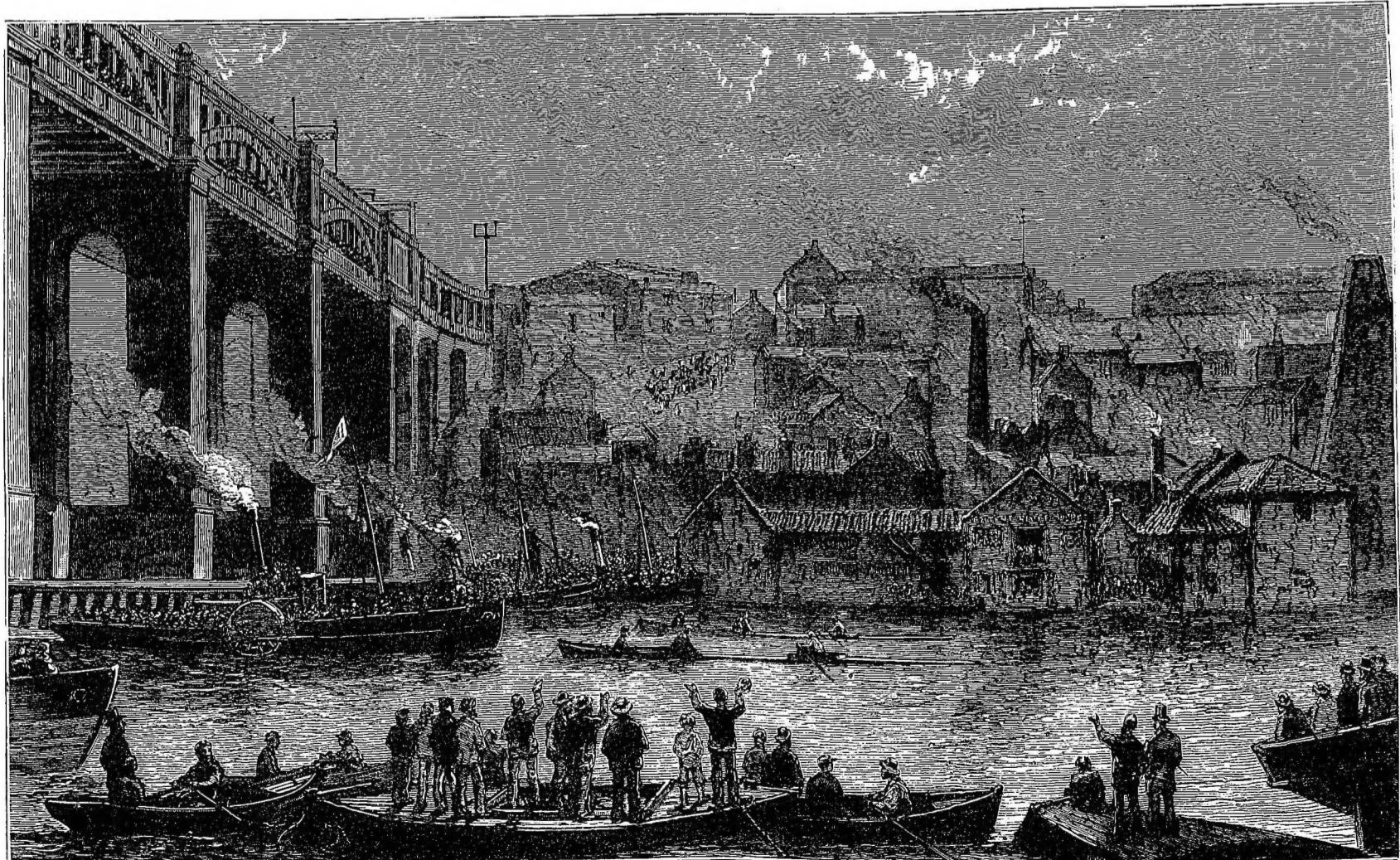
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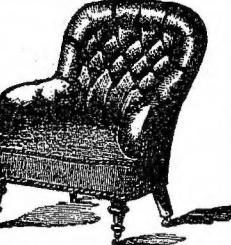
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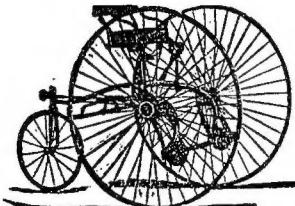
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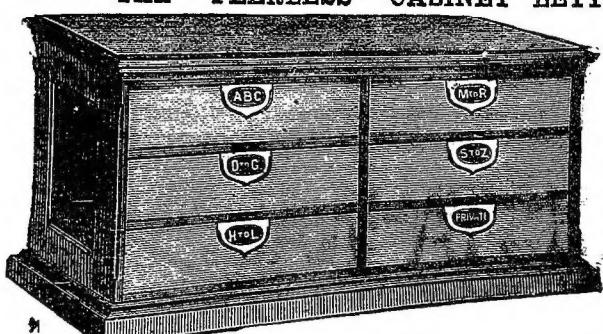
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